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# JACKSON OF MOUKDEN

BY

MRS. DUGALD CHRISTIE  
OF MOUKDEN

‘It is not life that matters, but the courage you  
bring to it.’

H. WALPOLE.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON  
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THE thanks of the author are offered to Mrs. Jackson and her family, and to the Rev. A. J. Costain, author of the previous *Life of Dr. Arthur Jackson*, for all the ready help they have given in the preparation of this book, especially the early chapters.

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## FOREWORD

'MASTER Missionaries' are understood to be those who have greatly achieved. Arthur Jackson apparently achieved nothing, he spent only a few weeks in China, did not learn the language, could not speak to proclaim his Faith—yet he stands forth as a pre-eminent example of the deeds that are more than words, the death that is more than life. By that death he spoke and still speaks clearly and eloquently to the youth of China, and to all everywhere who want to make life worth while, summoning them to follow in the Way of the Cross, 'life being so little and death so good to give.'

THE PREPARATION : Mar. 1884 to Nov. 1910: 26 years.

LIFE IN CHINA : Nov. 1910 to Jan. 1911 : 10 weeks.

THE FRUIT OF LIFE : Jan. 1911 :

The end is  
not yet.

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## CHAPTER I

### THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER

'The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.'  
R. L. S.

ARTHUR JACKSON with his brothers and sisters spent several of the happy years of childhood in a little fishing village by the Dee, in Cheshire. The house, Riverslea, stood somewhat apart in its own garden, surrounded by fields with big rambling hedges. In front, rough grass stretched down to the sea wall, beyond which the tumbling tide heaved and ran, or great level stretches of glistening wet sands called enticingly for children to play on them. Across the wide river-course rose the hills of Wales, with here and there a higher peak peeping over them on a clear day, a suggestion of unknown heights in the far-away background.

It was a veritable children's paradise. There was the field beside the house, used for pasture, but always open to the young people. Behind it was the big old elder tree, set in the midst of a luxuriant hedge, a natural home of pirates or brigands, with its abundant hiding-places in the depths of the greenery, and its big, easily-climbed branches. The biggest and lowest of these was the 'dining-room,' where a sister presided over the eatables, a higher and very safe crook the 'parlour,' where the smallest member of the fierce gang was often securely established, and the highest possible perch the 'watch tower,' where one of the boys climbed to look out for the enemy.

On a rainy day there was the old disused stable, with its high loft, its ladder, and its trap-door, through which Arthur once fell backwards, an accident which almost miraculously had no serious consequences. And there was the 'work-shop,' their own property, where the boys made for themselves model yachts, complete to the last



detail of rigging. When the mother went on a shopping expedition to Liverpool, she always had a long list of necessities to buy for the 'Riverslea Shipyard.' Animals too were easily kept—rabbits or guinea-pigs, and always a dog, in addition to the cocks and hens, and the ducks which disported themselves in a small pond.

When the delights of garden and field and workshop palled, there were the greater delights of the sands, and the sailing of their boats—joys sharpened by a certain amount of risk, for the tide ran in somewhat quickly across the level sandbanks, and had always to be kept in mind. Many a day did the bigger boys, Arthur being the second, carry the little ones on their backs across the wet sands and shallow channels to the drier banks beyond.

For the boys there were still more adventurous pursuits. Parkgate was an old-world village, once the seaport for Ireland, but packet-boats had given place to a fishing fleet, and the fishing-boats were an

endless source of pleasure. The local fishermen were their friends, and many a time did they go off at dawn in a brown-sailed lugger, away to the mouth of the estuary, sharing in the work of the boat and learning how to manage a sail, returning in the late afternoon, tired and wet and dirty, but laden with fish and exuberant with happiness.

All the family were born in Birkenhead, Arthur in March 1884. In this home, however, the principle was lived up to that the interests of the children must come first ; so the town house was given up, and the father willingly condemned himself to a long daily journey by train to business, in order that the boys might attend a good preparatory school without leaving home, and that all the children might have a country and seaside life.

Within five minutes' walk was Mostyn House, whose headmaster is Mr. A. G. Grenfell, brother of Grenfell of Labrador. Here the boys went as day-pupils, and as a

school it toned in with the free happy home-life to which they were accustomed. One of its pleasures was that every boy learned to swim, and in this Arthur became specially proficient. There were also the usual games, and a pack of beagles was kept, with whom the boys delighted to run. Of course lessons had their due share of attention, but there is no record of any special precocity, nor of any uncommon love of study.

Part of the long summer holiday was always spent visiting relatives in Scotland, for both father and mother were Scots, and the children were proud to claim the land of heather as their real home. On going north they looked out eagerly for the Border, hailing it with loud and energetic cheers. For Scotland meant holidays, Clyde steamers, rowing-boats, lug-sails, rocks to dive from, streams to fish, mountains to climb, and a delightful liberty to wear any old clothes.

Another enjoyable haunt of boyhood was

the river Dee above Chester, where they often went with their father and mother, both during the years at Parkgate and later on. They would take a picnic basket, hire a rowing-boat at Chester, and spend a long day up the beautiful river, resting and feasting on the wooded banks. Or they would explore the quaint old streets and houses of Chester, with its ancient wall, thus unconsciously drinking in the spirit of antiquity, and learning reverence in the hushed beauty of the Cathedral.

In this way the formative years of boyhood slipped past. The home was an exceptionally happy one, a genuine 'House Beautiful' devoted to 'the relief and security of pilgrims.' To both father and mother the Christian life was a very real thing, indeed the most real part of all life, talked about freely and naturally, but acted and lived out still more freely and fully. The spending of self was counted as nothing, the helping of others a matter of course. For instance, the mother heard

casually of a young foreign governess in a school, who, just as the spring holidays were about to begin, had news of the sudden tragic death of her only brother, and who was to spend her holidays in the empty school with this grief as her only companion. She was an absolute stranger with but a scanty knowledge of English, but response to her need seemed the only thing possible. 'Of course she must come to us for the holidays'—and so a life-long friendship was begun. 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.' It was in this atmosphere that Arthur grew and developed from childhood to manhood.

The time came when the highest class of the preparatory school was reached, and it was evident that new arrangements must be made. Again the children's interests were put first, and it was decided that the family remove to within reach of a higher school. The Merchant Taylors' School at Crosby was chosen, a few miles out of Liverpool, down the Mersey; and in the

autumn of 1897, when Arthur was thirteen years old, they came to that neighbourhood. Here they were still within sight and smell of the sea, not the lonely open sea, but rather the gateway to it, the estuary of a great river, from which ships go forth to the ends of the earth. In the hearts of the young people there grew a pride in their city, Liverpool, and its great position as a seaport with lines of communication in every direction. Their keen eyes learned to distinguish each liner by her build and funnels, and to know her destination and her ports of call. Thus was fostered an interest in the unknown world beyond, and a strong boyish desire for travel.

The Merchant Taylors' was an old foundation, with its roots far in the past, but its methods and equipment were of the most modern. There was an Entrance Scholarship open to all new entrants under the age of fourteen, and this Arthur gained and held throughout his entire school course of five years. He and his brothers attended

as day-boys, enjoying the pleasures of home as well as of school. He was a general favourite with both masters and boys, and in lessons he soon showed an intelligence above the average, working his way rapidly up the school. In 1900 he was highest from his school in the honours list of the Oxford Senior Local Examinations, and obtained the Great Crosby Scholarship, a bursary tenable for three years at any university, which was held in reserve till he left school two years later. He also gained the Stanley Foundation Prize for Science, and devoted himself specially to this branch of study, having made up his mind to be a doctor. This Foundation Prize, having subsequently lapsed, has been re-established by private subscription and given the name of the Arthur Jackson Science Prize.

In athletics Arthur was always at the front, his height and strong physique giving him an advantage. He was a fast runner, an expert swimmer, captain of the school

swimming club, an enthusiastic Rugby football player, playing for the school fifteen for three years, in what he considered 'the game of games,' and there was no more loyal worker for the team. Mr. Costain, then the captain of the school team, tells of a match with another school for a Challenge Shield: 'It was a grim struggle: neither side could claim any advantage. Then came a sudden change. The Crosby forwards wore their opponents down; Crosby scored four times and gained a handsome victory. The forwards had won the day, and their good work was largely due to Jackson's leadership.'

Another form of school activity was a Debating Society, of which Mr. Costain writes: 'In the early days Jackson was not fluent. His words did not keep pace with his ideas. The material of his speeches was better than their form. He was always pleasant to listen to, but the charm lay in the speaker rather than in the speech.'

The summer holidays in Scotland con-



tinued, and in 1901 there occurred an incident worthy of note. The scene was Tayvallich, on a narrow peninsula between Loch Sween and the Sound of Jura, where were all the occupations in which young people delight, staged in the midst of beautiful scenery.

One bright summer afternoon a picnic had been arranged by boat across to a small island in the Sound, and the party were just coming out from the little hotel where they were staying, when a man came running breathlessly gasping that some gentlemen were drowning in the loch on the hills. Throwing down the baskets, the boys at once started to race to the spot. Arthur being the fastest runner was first on the scene, a small weed-grown loch a couple of miles up among the hills. Two young fellows camping in the neighbourhood had coveted the water lilies on the loch, and had launched an old punt, which was beached on the bank, stopping a hole in the bottom with a 'divot' or thick piece

of turf. On the return journey the turf became dislodged ; suddenly they found themselves sinking, and neither could swim. Fortunately their shouts were heard and the alarm was given.

On reaching the loch Arthur found several men there ; but none could swim, and they were looking on in helpless distress while one of the unfortunates had disappeared in the black water, and the other, kneeling on the submerged boat, had only his head above water, and, numbed with cold, had almost given up hope. Arthur lost no time in talking. Breathless as he was after his sprint uphill, he kicked off his shoes, seized one end of a rope, leaving the other end with those on shore, jumped in, and swam to the rescue. Lightly clad in shirt and football shorts, he soon reached the drowning man and passed the rope round him. With the assistance of those on shore he was pulled into safety, Arthur keeping his head up. He was restored with some difficulty, with the help of a

doctor among the hotel party who were soon on the spot. No trace could be seen of his companion, whose body was recovered later.

It was just the kind of deed for which the Humane Society's Medal is given, but no opportunity was afforded for this. Even in the account in the local paper, Arthur is mentioned only as 'a visitor,' for it would have been misery to him to be fussed over. What he did seemed to him a matter of course, the natural outcome of being able to run fast and swim well—the same spirit which he showed in Moukden ten years later.

As might be expected, it is vain to seek for any record of Arthur Jackson's religious development in boyhood, for he was too normal and natural a boy to talk of such things, and too much of a reserved Scot. His parents, having come from Scotland, naturally belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and there he went regularly with them. An interest in Foreign Missions was

a part of the family tradition, for a sister of Mr. Jackson, and a cousin of Mrs. Jackson were missionaries in India, and a sister of Mrs. Jackson was married to a missionary in Calabar, all being in connection with the United Presbyterian (now the United Free) Church of Scotland. Arthur, however, showed no special interest in Missions, and it was the ordinary boys' books of adventure that appealed to him : Henty, Ballantyne, Ker, etc., besides *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, and Walter Scott. When his thoughts began to turn to the career of a medical missionary it is impossible to say. When about sixteen he let it be known in his home that this was to be his future, but he said very little about it, and nothing at all of the visions that gathered round this ideal.

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‘It was a home of constant activity, issuing from and retiring into a centre of deep repose. There was no rushing after anything either worldly or intellectual. Nothing was esteemed too little to be cared for, and nothing too great to be undertaken at the command of God.’—SCHIMMELPENNINCK.

## CHAPTER II

### THE WIDENING WORLD

'The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker,  
To nature none more bound ; his training such  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself.'

*King Henry VIII.*

'He was a man, take him for all in all.'

*Hamlet.*

UP to the age of eighteen, Arthur Jackson's had been largely a home life, but now he launched out into the world. He might have stayed at home and taken his medical course in Liverpool, but the wider life of Cambridge was made possible by the Scholarships gained at school, and he was also successful in winning an open Science Scholarship at Peterhouse College, Cambridge. With these he entered that most ancient of colleges in October 1902, at the age of eighteen.

The years in Cambridge were filled to overflowing in every sense, and were always looked back on with pleasure. To many students the university life means principally football, or 'The River,' or some other athletic pursuit, and into all these Jackson entered with ardour. From the first he rejoiced in rowing, submitting gladly to the very severe training imposed on those who aspire to row in their College boat. This aspiration was soon realised, for he was already an experienced oarsman, and by his second year he was reckoned the best oar in the boat. With even more zeal he gave his strength to the Rugby team of his College, and was pronounced 'a great acquisition to the team.' It is stated that when captain, which he became in his last year, 'he inspired the team with enthusiastic energy, and as forward set an example of hard work and activity.' In cricket also he joined with zest.

But sport did not come first with him nor even second, except during the hours spent

on it, when all his forces were concentrated on the one end. His scholastic record during these three years is of no mean order. After gaining Firsts in his yearly examinations he won a First also in the Science Tripos in 1905, although he had been taking his medical course at the same time. When he left Cambridge, not much over twenty-one years of age, he had his B.A., and he had passed the first part of his third M.B. examination.

In the more general interests and activities of his College and of the University he also took his full share, holding himself aloof from nothing, entering with relish into amusements, dramatic entertainments, etc., and joining the University Volunteers. In the first month of his residence he became a member of the Peterhouse Club, entitled the 'Sex-centenary,' and often took part in its debates. The College magazine could not but take notice of the passing out of such a doubly brilliant graduate, and we find it humorously appraising him :—

‘ The “ Sex ” has always found in him a sturdy supporter and ready speaker, and he has this term graced the Presidential Chair with his presence. Knowledge has tempted him in the garb of science, and he has proved a successful suitor ; for he is a Scholar of the College, and has passed a number of examinations for the degree of M.B. with meteoric rapidity. His latest and greatest achievement is a First Class in his Tripos. Not content with the confined limits of study prescribed by the University, he has found time for original research, and has long endeavoured to discover by experiment whether tom-tits may be persuaded to build within an empty cocoanut suspended from a window. Though much of his time has been spent in England, he is unco’ Scotch, and knows well and is well known in his native land. In Edinburgh his is a name to conjure with, and to the inquiring visitor the citizens are ever ready proudly to point out Arthur’s Seat.’



In this there is naturally no mention of another sphere in which Arthur Jackson took a prominent part, and which occupied much of his thoughts—the religious life of the University. Coming as he did from a home where Christianity wore its most attractive and natural form, and never having resided anywhere else, the change to the life at Cambridge must have been great indeed. He had ‘joined the Church’ in Crosby, thus making open profession of his faith, and he had frankly expressed his intention of being a missionary; but all that was in an atmosphere congenial and sympathetic to such visions, where neither explanation nor justification was called for. Here, in Cambridge, religion was more or less ignored, not being a matter in which the majority showed much interest, whatever the under-current of their faith might be. There is no record of the impression made on his mind by his new surroundings, but he lost no time in identifying himself with the religious activities of the place,

joining St. Columba's Presbyterian Church, becoming a member of the Students' Christian Union, as well as attending regularly the services in the College Chapel. And as he was not content to receive without giving, so through all his busy years in Cambridge he found time to teach a class of boys at St. Columba's on Sunday afternoons, and became President of a group of University men who attended that church. In his last year he was elected President of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union.

One natural effect of the change of atmosphere seems to have been the opening of his heart to write to his father and mother much more freely than he had ever spoken. It is with a feeling almost of sacrilege that one opens these most private and intimate letters, and seeks for a sentence here and there suitable to show to strangers the growth of a soul. Soon after entering Cambridge, he writes, after telling of his experience at " footer " and his daily rowing,

'We are having Communion to-morrow. It is not easy away from home.' Somewhat later, in January 1903, he signed the Student Volunteer Declaration: 'It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a Foreign Missionary,' thus nailing his colours to the mast. About the same time he writes: 'It is not easy to keep really close to Christ.' One is struck by the absence in his letters of any criticism of the men among whom he was thrown: he criticises himself, not others.

In the June of that year a heavy loss befell him in the death of his father. There had always been an exceptionally intimate relationship between father and sons, he being more like a big brother to them. It was a close friend as well as a father that Arthur now lost, and one who had exercised a strong influence over him. During the months that followed he seems to have thought deeply on a subject which comes up more than once in his later letters, and is dwelt upon in one of the last he wrote,

the possibility open to him, the duty laid upon him, of becoming like Christ. 'So many people,' he complains to his mother, 'have such peculiar ideas, and think it is priggish to think that God can through Christ make us holy.'

Arthur Jackson was not one who accepted as a matter of course the teachings of his childhood, without examination or thought. These Cambridge years meant to him a questioning, a sifting, a proving of his faith, which resulted in a deepening of its roots, and a strengthening of its hold on him. 'I can't say I half see,' he writes, 'all that faith really means yet, but I know that to get more of it I must get to know Jesus better. I wish people would not talk so glibly about the simplicity of all these things, for I am sure they are not really so simple. They are simple enough for any one so far as beginning to know Jesus is concerned, but we will never get to the bottom of them here ; we will always have more to learn.'

Such were the thoughts and prayers in the secret of his soul, but how did he appear to his fellows?

The natural shrinking of the average young man from any attempt to force his religious confidence, or to dictate the form in which his religion should express itself, found nothing to fear from him. 'I like Jackson,' said one, 'because he has convictions and lives them, but does not try to ram them down other fellows' throats.'

'What his personal influence was to many will never be known,' writes another, 'but at any rate it was always for the best, and yet so breezy and natural, and so far removed from the "Pi" and sanctimonious.'

Mr. Costain, who knew him well in Cambridge, writes: 'My personal tribute is without any reservation. For years I knew him, and never have I known him say or do anything unworthy. Evil seemed to flee his presence; in his company it were easy to be good.'

'Some people's religiousness,' says

another friend, 'seems a misfit; they move and work awkwardly in it. Arthur's sat upon him naturally and easily, it was neither ungainly nor burdensome.'

It was thus that he impressed himself on other students: a man of no extremes, with a remarkably sane outlook on life, a healthy normal mentality, a keen sense of humour, a delight in fun, a hearty laugh that compelled all to join, a sympathy with the difficulties and downfalls of others—and also a man of enthusiasms, with a purpose in life, an ideal before him from which nothing could turn him aside, a personal loyalty and devotedness to Christ that shone forth all the more clearly that he did not readily talk about it.

His membership of the Presbyterian Church, St. Columba's, meant much to him as the months went on, and still more his intercourse with its minister, the Rev. Johnstone Ross, D.D. (now in the Union Theological Seminary in New York), who became his intimate friend and confidant.

Many an evening did Jackson sit talking and listening by the minister's fireside, and so strong was the impression made that, in those few short weeks in Moukden some years later, it was the name of Dr. Ross that was most frequently mentioned of all his friends. The St. Columba manse was like a home to him, where he could run in at any time, and he spent more time with the children than even with their father, for it was a gladsome relaxation to play games or tell stories. Many an afternoon was the Varsity cricketer to be found teaching children to hold a bat or throw a ball. At one time, when the mother of the home was ill and could not pay the nightly visit to the bairns' bedsides, Arthur made a practice of slipping in to the room of the eldest boy, then about nine years old, and having a chat with him in bed, although this meant a walk of a mile up from his College. 'Turn me out when he should go to sleep,' he would say. Sometimes they were found in the midst of a swimming lesson, the boy being

held firmly over the bar at the foot of the bed while he practised the movements with arms and legs. No wonder the child looked on this big jolly friend as his highest ideal of manhood. Thirteen years later this same boy laid down his life in France, and among the papers sent home in his kit was the photo of Dr. Jackson, which had gone with him through all the fighting.

Immediately after hearing of Jackson's death, Dr. Johnstone Ross wrote: 'I sat hour after hour thinking over it all—his career at Cambridge, his work among the undergraduates, the holy aroma of his name at Peterhouse, his spiritual maturity, and yet his absolute childlikeness, his love of children, his strength in sport, his winsome gentleness, and that huge moral courage that lived behind.' And again: 'The best man I knew in my seven years at Cambridge was Arthur Jackson. . . . He took a very high place, and the brilliance of his academic success was equalled by his distinction as an



athlete. But what men remembered him most by was the strength and simplicity and charm of his Christian character.'

And Dr. Watson of Birkenhead writes, referring not only to his Cambridge days, but also to the following years in Liverpool : ' There was a singular magnetism about his friendliness. His cheerful, radiant manner, his geniality and forgetfulness of self, drew all kinds of people to him, and no one could be near him for long without seeing how natural and winning was his religiousness. It was an essential part of his life, and fitted him so easily that even some of his fellow-students who were disposed to fight shy of religious talk and truth, were attracted to this tall, handsome, clever, healthy-minded youth, who, in the unhindered intercourse and work of hospital and lecture-room, as in athletic contests, never once lowered his spiritual ideal.'

Arthur Jackson's career at Cambridge came to an end in the summer of 1905,

when he returned to his home, now in Birkenhead, and completed his practical training in the Medical School of the Liverpool University, graduating M.B. of Cambridge in 1907. Realising that the more experience he had the better medical missionary he would be, he spent the next two years in various hospital appointments in Liverpool, and studied at the Tropical School of Medicine, where he gained the Diploma at the end of 1909.

One of the friends he made in the Liverpool hospitals writes :

‘ Virile is the word that more fitly than any other describes the personality of Arthur Jackson, a personality that touched life at so many points. If ever man found abounding interest and joy in life and all its experiences, that man was Jackson. He loved to meet new men and to share the interests of other lives : he was one of the few who make friends of all without losing anything, who both enrich the common life

and are enriched. He was a keen athlete, especially in the Rugby football world, and he was keenly interested in Nature. I remember a long week-end tramp with him, and the joy he had in all the outer world, and I treasure still the record of that tramp in picture, which he made for the two fortunate men who shared with him the joys.

‘ Jackson’s life just overflowed in every direction. He had a great fund of humour and a keen eye for all the queerness in life, and his laugh was as virile as any other part of him. He was a great talker—one need merely listen when with him, if one so desired—and he was no mean public speaker and debater. He was the keenest of students, and in class work, hospital work, and examinations was among the best.’

In Birkenhead he was connected with Trinity Presbyterian Church, Claughton, the same to which he had first gone as a child, ministered to by the Rev. Wm.

Watson, D.D. Here he joined in the work of a Sunday-school in a busy working part of the town, and here some young men still come to that hall, proud to have belonged to his class, remembering the inspiration of his influence, though the words he spoke are long ago forgotten. When, in Moukden three years later, he heard that a friend was joining that Sunday-school, he wrote: 'I was very glad to hear that you were going down to teach at Brassey St.—I am sure you will never regret doing so. I know it did me a lot of good taking a S. S. class, as for one thing it made me realise my deficiencies more keenly. When we come to these boys and girls and talk to them about religion, we feel very keenly that unless Christianity is something more to us than mere words, it is most awful hypocrisy and sheer waste of time attempting to do it.'

More than once he joined in the work of a Schoolboy Camp, acting as medical officer, and delighting in the intercourse with the

boys. One who was there in 1907 speaks of 'the jolly doctor who was equally at home in his comic song and in the meeting tent,' and another says: 'It was in the religious side of our work, in our officers' meetings, in the short prayers at night, we learned to know where the great interests of his life were.' And as Mr. Costain truly remarks: 'The boy tendency to identify piety with anaemia received a rude shock from even a moment's encounter with Jackson.'

Throughout his student life his reading was comprehensive and varied. Browne's *Religio Medici* may be mentioned as a favourite, Robert Louis Stevenson, Burns, and other poets. Indeed he cultivated the poetic muse on his own account, and diverted himself by composing verses. He had an artistic temperament and was very fond of pictures; and he was also a keen photographer. This appealed not only to his love of the country and the pleasure of reproducing the beauty of nature, but

also to his scientific side, on account of the interesting chemical processes involved.

He always seemed to be really happiest with children and younger folk. His simplicity of soul then shone forth : he was so much of a boy himself and so unfeignedly loved playing with them, that it was no wonder they absolutely adored him.

During the years after leaving Cambridge he developed increasingly, 'strengthening his grip steadily on life's meaning and purpose, and growing ever more sure of the worth and greatness of the call he was answering.' He had always intended to go out as a missionary of the English Presbyterian Church, to which he belonged, and he was specially attracted to China. It was therefore a disappointment to him when he found that the Foreign Mission Committee of that Church had not the money to add a new doctor to their list. He waited in hope, taking engagements as

locum, but gradually he realised that the promise of the first vacancy might mean years of delay, and he was now fully ready.

Just at this time, when he was making up his mind to seek for appointment elsewhere, he heard from a fellow-student and friend, Dr. R. H. Mole, that he was arranging to go out to China under the United Free Church of Scotland, to teach in a new Medical College about to be opened in Moukden, the capital of Manchuria, and that there was a vacancy there for another teacher. From then events marched quickly. A short correspondence with Dr. Christie, the founder of the College, who was at home looking for men—a visit to him in Edinburgh, and mutual attraction between the older man and the younger—an interview with the Secretary of the Scottish Society—a few papers to fill up—and Arthur Jackson was appointed to Moukden. Though not with his own

boyhood's Church, as he had expected, he was to serve with the Church of his fathers.

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'Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstruction on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.'—R. W. EMERSON.



## CHAPTER III

### MOUKDEN AND ITS CALL FOR MEDICAL EDUCATION

'We must shoulder others' shame,  
Fight their follies and take their blame,  
Purge the body and humour the mind,  
Doctor the eyes when the soul is blind,  
Build the column of health erect,  
On the quicksands of neglect;  
Always shouldering others' shame,—  
Bearing their faults and taking the blame!'  
*The Doctor's Story.*

'I would give nothing for that man's religion, whose  
very dog and cat are not the better for it.'

ROWLAND HILL.

MOUKDEN, where Arthur Jackson was now going, is an attractive place to live and work in. The climate is healthy, not unlike the interior of Canada. Its extreme cold in winter is atoned for by the dry crispness of the air and the brilliant sunshine; and its extreme heat in summer is of short duration compared with the rest of China.

The city is built on a richly cultivated undulating plain, with hills bounding the view in several directions. Although there is no scenery in the immediate neighbourhood, there are, a few miles to the north and to the east, ancient tombs of the early Manchu monarchs, with wild woods, pine groves, and picturesque buildings; and fine mountains are to be found at no great distance.

The population of Moukden is probably about 300,000, but no census, according to our meaning of the word, has ever been taken. The main streets are broad and lined with prosperous shops. The people are almost entirely Chinese, not Manchu, of the sturdy body and vigorous mind common in North China. *Mandarin* is the language spoken, the same as in Peking, with only a few local variations and a local accent.

Being the capital of Manchuria, and the ancient home of the Manchu Dynasty, Moukden has always been a prominently

official city, as well as a busy commercial centre. Up to the Revolution of 1911, it was proud to be a Peking in miniature, with Boards of its own, and Manchu and Chinese officials bearing all the paraphernalia of office. It was consequently a conservative place, with many *litterati*, and not at all ready to welcome foreign innovations.

Missionaries were the first foreigners to make themselves known, Catholics beginning and Protestants following later. There were passing visits from one and another, but the first to make a permanent impression was the Rev. John Ross of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland (now the United Free), who arrived at the Port of Newchwang in 1872. He had the outlook of a statesman, and early recognised that Moukden, 120 miles inland from the Port, was the strategic centre of Manchuria. At the same time he was quick to realise the obstacles in his path and to see the wisest way of avoiding them, so he did not attempt

to force himself into that city until the time was ripe, making it his policy to avoid all occasion of offence. With a temporary base at Newchwang, where the Irish Presbyterians were also at work, he bided his time, taking journeys through the length and breadth of the land, but entrusting to a Chinese Christian the task of making a beginning in the capital. The appearance of a foreigner there to preach a new religion would have caused great excitement, perhaps riots, and might have closed the door for years. Even the Chinese preacher met with vigorous opposition, but he stood firm in face of persecution and abuse, and at last the way was sufficiently prepared for the missionaries to enter. No attempt was made either to buy or to rent property, except a humble preaching chapel, Mr. Ross contenting himself for several years with a private room in a Chinese inn, where he lived for months at a time in more or less Chinese style, receiving any who might care to see and converse with him. Day by day

the chapel was open to all comers, and was crowded by men who came to hear the disputation between the 'foreign devil' and the *literati* or scholars of Moukden ; for a band of clever young men set themselves to bait the stranger and drive him with humiliation from the city. Mockery and cursing sometimes developed into violence, but all were borne patiently, and when attacked with stones and other missiles, Mr. Ross quietly left Moukden and went on with his work elsewhere, returning a few months later when the excitement had died down. Thus riots were avoided, and at the same time the small nucleus of a Christian Church was formed of men who were ready to count all things but loss for the knowledge of Christ.

The beginning of Medical Mission work in Moukden by Dr. Dugald Christie in 1882 marks a new era of advance. Mr. Ross had recently acquired a suitable dwelling-house, and now a second property was bought next door, so that in the spring of 1883 both

families were able to take up permanent residence there. The excitement in the city was great. Year after year Mr. Ross had come and gone, and those who knew of it had gradually got accustomed to his visits—but this was very different. The news spread that foreigners had come to live in Moukden, and that a foreign doctor would cure and give medicines free of charge in a house on the Small River Bank. Excited crowds gathered round the gate, and the little outhouse fitted up as a dispensary was full to overflowing for hours each day. It is probable that little of the medicine given during those first days was actually taken, and that most of the patients came just to see the stranger, but at all events the ice was broken. After the first rush the daily numbers diminished, and it was possible to settle down to real work, giving due consideration to each case, making friends with the patients, and telling them of the Christ in whose name all was done.

Opinion regarding the foreigner was very varied. Although a small number thought well of him, the majority held aloof with cold critical suspicion, and there were many who hated him with a perfect hatred, and did all they could to turn him with his poisonous medicines and his evil teaching out of the city. It was said that he stole children, that he took out eyes and hearts to make photographic medicine, that he gave drugs to change people's hearts and make them follow his teaching, that the English Queen paid him for every convert, and that by and by her army would seek to take possession of China with the help of these converts. The Mohammedans were specially bitter, as there were many doctors of sorts among them, who feared for their means of living.

More than once were the missionaries stoned, but now they did not move on to another city, but only retreated within the walls of their homes by the Small River. Several times were placards posted up

announcing that the houses were to be burned and the strangers expelled, and crowds gathered in their thousands to see the sight—but it never happened. On one critical occasion rain fell in torrents and the situation was saved. The war between France and China in 1884 caused much anti-foreign feeling and rendered the position of missionaries in the interior somewhat precarious, and a couple of years later the Mohammedan Rebellion brought much unrest to the city, but all these anxious times were passed through safely.

The Chinese respond readily to any practical kindness, and a serious epidemic of cholera in the summer of 1883 gave the Medical Mission its chance at the outset. Hundreds of lives were saved, and the news of the free treatment and genuine recovery of these sufferers shut the mouths of many blasphemers. Surgical operations, too, gradually did their work on the minds of the people, for surgery is an unknown field to the Chinese practitioner, and operations



for cataract were unknown. The restoration of sight to men blind for many years made a great and favourable impression, and a successful surgical operation on a well-known mandarin was the means of introducing the doctor into official circles. Dr. Christie was remarkably successful in getting into touch with the upper classes, both Manchu and Chinese, and in becoming friendly with them. Attention to their strict etiquette was one of his most useful weapons, as they were thus convinced that the foreigner was after all a gentleman, not the uncultured barbarian they had supposed. This friendship with officials was a great help in living down suspicion and evil reports.

When patients first began to be treated in Moukden, the doctor had to do everything himself. He welcomed all who came, examined them, washed wounds, put on dressings and bandages, wrote prescriptions, made up the medicines, explained how they were to be used, and politely bowed the

patients out of the door. When, a little later on, operations had to be done in the small temporary hospital, he gave the chloroform, performed the operation, looked after the nursing and the food. He kept the records, superintended the servants, took the accounts, directed the hospital evangelist, preached in the waiting-room and hospital, talked to the patients by their bedsides, and indeed was responsible for everything.

Of course this could not continue, and very soon Chinese were employed as helpers. In 1887 a property close to the dwelling-houses was bought, and a fairly commodious hospital and dispensary were fitted up, with a waiting-room holding 150, and hospital accommodation for 50 men and 15 women. Here thousands were treated, hearing for the first time of Christ the Saviour, and many had reason to bless the day that they went to the foreign doctor. There was good opportunity too for training intelligent young Chinese as assistants, dispensers, and

ward attendants, who proved themselves very efficient. It soon became evident that the Chinese were specially capable of becoming most competent surgeons, and the hope began to germinate in Dr. Christie's mind, that a School of Medicine might one day be established in Moukden.

National calamities have always furnished an opportunity for the Christian to show what is the spirit of Christ, and such calamities have not been rare in Manchuria. When in 1888 a flood swept over a large part of the country, followed by famine and widespread distress, the missionaries and their helpers were active in administering relief and treating sickness, and the 'foreign devil' became a foreign friend to many. Then in 1894-5 a lasting impression was made by Red Cross work among the wounded soldiers in the Chino-Japanese War, and when the war was over the Christian Church and the hospitals found themselves popular as never before. The success of the Japanese being attributed to

their knowledge of western methods, it became the desire of very many to make themselves acquainted with the European and all that he could do and teach, including his religion. All over Manchuria the Church increased by leaps and bounds, the difficulty no longer being to attract men, but rather to keep them back. Officials of all ranks came frequently as friendly visitors to the Moukden Hospital and to the doctor in his home. Where formerly none was so poor as to do him reverence, he was now sought after and treated with marked respect.

At this time three Missionary Societies were labouring in Manchuria, with a goodly number of missionaries, both men and women—the Scottish United Presbyterian, the Irish Presbyterian, and the Danish Lutheran. At the beginning of 1900 there were about 20,000 Chinese in the membership of the united Churches, and in some of the principal cities there were self-supporting congregations.

Into the midst of this growing friendliness of people and officials, and this rapidly increasing prosperity of the Church, broke rudely the Boxer outbreak in the summer of 1900. Manchuria had always been notably loyal to the Imperial Government; and when Boxer emissaries came with credentials from Peking, when the Government troops were ordered to support the movement, and when finally the Imperial Edict was issued commanding the extermination of all foreigners and those Chinese who persisted in following them—then the general friendliness was forced to hide itself, and the Boxers were joined by the riff-raff of the population. All foreign buildings in Manchuria were destroyed. In Moukden, church, hospitals, dispensaries, schools, dwelling-houses, chapels, shared the same fate with all the Roman Catholic property. All the Protestant missionaries escaped, largely owing to a friendly warning sent privately to Dr. Christie by the Governor-General, but very many Chinese

Christians suffered martyrdom or died of exposure, and all endured hardship and loss. For the Church the fire was a purifying one, but it was long before the pleasant friendly relations became again common between those of the ' Jesus Religion ' and those outside it.

During the Russo-Japanese War in 1904-5 Manchuria was the scene of stubborn fighting, and great were the sufferings of the Chinese villagers. They were non-combatants and indifferent as to the issue of the strife, yet they saw their crops destroyed, their live stock confiscated, their homes burned. During the long severe winter hundreds of thousands were homeless, many of whom flocked into Moukden. In co-operation with the local government and with the Red Cross Society in other parts of China, the missionaries in Moukden opened refuges, where many thousands were housed, fed, and healed, and heard for the first time the Good News of a God who cared for them. This work broke

down the last barriers of suspicion and anti-foreign prejudice. Henceforth the Christian Church was regarded with at least toleration, and the Moukden Hospital came to be looked upon as a city institution to which all could turn when in need. One Governor-General or Viceroy after another visited and subscribed to it, Dr. Christie had on his calling list all the principal officials, and his advice and help were constantly sought. Christianity and its practical products had taken firm root in the hearts of the few, and in the good opinion of the many.

For fourteen years from its initiation in 1882 the entire Medical Mission work in Moukden was in charge of Dr. Christie, and such helpers as he could train single-handed. Then the women's work was separated from the men's and handed over entirely to two lady doctors, but for fourteen more years the rapidly developing work among men continued to have but the one missionary in charge. A good many young Chinese

received practical training in the Hospital, and a number were taken through a fairly thorough course and were given certificates, but it was impossible to do anything like full justice to such work, or to receive the many who desired training.

It was not until after the Russo-Japanese War that it was possible to rebuild the Hospital destroyed by the Boxers, the work being meantime carried on in rented premises. The Viceroy of Manchuria at this time was a progressive and intelligent official, *Chao Er Sun* by name, a man of much insight, who saw the needs of the province and was ready to use the best means, however novel, to meet them. He had many a talk with the doctor, discussing the best ways of improving the health of Manchuria. Together they planned for the future, and the Viceroy strongly urged the establishment of a School of Medicine. With the Hospital in ruins, however, the time had hardly come to go forward with a



College, and all efforts during 1906 were concentrated on reconstruction.

‘Some weeks before building began,’ says Dr. Christie in *Thirty Years in Moukden*, ‘I was calling on the Governor-General, and he inquired minutely about the new Hospital and how much money we lacked for the building. “Leave it to me,” he said, “that will be managed all right.” Three weeks later he called and handed to me Taels 4000, or about £600, and other friends also came to our help. One carted all the bricks and tiles free of charge, equal to a donation of £80. The Director of the Imperial Chinese Railway ordered that our Portland cement and floor-tiles be conveyed free. And there were many smaller contributions.’

The new Hospital was opened with great *éclat* in 1907, with prayer, feasting, fireworks, and public rejoicing. It had been impossible to complete the plan with the money available, and next day the Chairman of the Chinese Merchant Guild of

Moukden called to say: 'Go on with the building, finish the remaining wards, and apply to us for the money as you need it.' This was done.

To our great regret our good friend the Viceroy was removed shortly afterwards to another province, and the hopes which had been kindled for Medical Education in Manchuria died down. And yet the questions would constantly present themselves:—

How is the growing need and desire for the rational and skilled treatment of disease to be met? The Christian Church, through its medical missionaries, has created this demand in Manchuria—is it not for the Christian Church also to create a means of supply?

Obviously there can never be sufficient missionaries to do more than touch the surface of this need—are we not called upon to train the Chinese to give this aid to their own brethren?

The medical profession is evidently about to develop in China—could not that pro-

fession be made in Manchuria mainly a Christian one from the outset ?

Medical missionaries having done so much in China in spite of alien nationality and difficulties with language—what could not Chinese Christian doctors do ? With what readiness might they come near to the suffering, with what convincing brotherliness recommend the love of God ?

These questions suddenly received an answer in the summer of 1908, when three events happened almost simultaneously. A piece of ground next door to the hospital came into our possession most unexpectedly by the help and generosity of the leading officials in Moukden. While arrangements for handing it over were still incomplete, some Scottish friends, struck with the possibilities for medical education on this site, promised £100 a year for five years. A few days later the new Viceroy, *Hsü Shih Chang*, afterwards President of China, accompanied by the Governor of Moukden, *Tang Shao Yi*, paid a formal state visit to

the Hospital, spent a considerable time in seeing over it, and had a long talk with Dr. Christie. They urged that something should be done in Manchuria to train Chinese young men as doctors. The initiative came from themselves, and they promised Taels 3000 (about £450) a year, in addition to the new site, which was given definitely 'for the purpose of medical education.' No conditions were made of any kind, no restrictions as to religious teaching, but Dr. Christie made it clear that whatever Medical School was established would be open equally to Christians and others.

This was the first step towards the realisation of the hopes, plans, and prayers of years. The next was to bring the matter before the various Missions in Manchuria, by whom it was sympathetically received. Cordial resolutions were passed, which were sent home to the different Missionary Societies concerned.

The third, and obviously the most diffi-

cult step, was to raise the necessary money for the building and equipping of a small College, and for the salaries of two additional missionaries. A second medical had just been appointed for Moukden, so that the number of men on the staff would be four to begin with. In the spring of 1909 Dr. Christie went home to advocate the new scheme, and faith in the guidance of God, a good cause, and the generosity of friends, chiefly in Scotland, smoothed the difficulties. The proposed College received the sanction and blessing of the United Free Church of Scotland, but all funds had to be found independently, apart from the usual sources, an arrangement which still continues. An appeal for the sum of £4000 for buildings, and for regular subscriptions towards the salaries of the two new missionaries, resulted in nearly £5000 being given within a year, largely from donors quite unknown, and so it was felt that this forward movement was authorised by God and man.

It was of the highest importance that the first men to go out to the new College should be specially qualified for such work, and in the spring of 1910 two such men were found and appointed. Dr. R. H. Mole was the first, a distinguished Liverpool graduate with wide and valuable experience, and he mentioned the name of his friend Dr. Arthur Jackson, who was accordingly invited to Edinburgh to hear at the fountain-head about the College.

From the moment that we saw him we felt that here was just the man needed. His big, strong, genial personality and charm of manner, which attracted both old and young and made us all feel we should like to have him for a friend—his professional record and experience, so far above the common, though he was loath to talk about that—the questions he asked about Moukden, the College, the mission work—the way he seized the main points of the situation—his frank desire for a sphere where he would have full opportunity both

for exercising his professional powers and for doing direct religious work—all marked him out as just the man to be one of the beginners of such a College. And it seemed to grip his own imagination : he would be among young men, many of them non-Christians, students of the new type now developing in the old East ; his would be the task of opening up to them the riches of the west, and the riches of Christ ; his enthusiasm would have full scope, his evangelistic zeal a wide field, his genius for leadership a rare opportunity, his taste for romance and adventure abundant satisfaction.

There was no need for delay. The College buildings did not indeed yet exist, and his friend Dr. Mole was not free to leave England till the following year ; but there was the language to learn before he could begin to teach, and the sooner he set about that the better. So in May he was appointed a missionary of the United Free Church.

He had a last delightful holiday with his family in Scotland at Nethy Bridge, fishing, roaming over the hills, watching the birds, taking photographs, and rejoicing in the fresh air, the sunshine, the happiness of nature. 'During all the weeks that preceded his departure,' says a friend, 'his face was glowing with delight.' A fellow-student writes: 'I remember being at his home a few evenings before he left for China, and the conversation was about the difficulties of the Chinese language. Jumping up and taking my arm, he stalked up and down the room, declaiming: "Well, other men have learned the language, why not we?"' And Mr. Costain tells of a conversation shortly before he left England: 'When I asked him of the nature of his work, he spoke with enthusiasm, with something like glee, of the chances that would be his in Moukden. . . . It was a prospect that thrilled and fired him.'

So he set out towards his chosen life-



work with joy and a happy heart, sailing  
for China on September 29, 1910.

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‘Blessed is he who has found his work; let him  
ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose.’

—CARLYLE.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY

‘Whatever happens to you was pre-ordained from the first; and that chain of causes which constitutes fate, tied your person and the event together from all eternity.’—MARCUS AURELIUS.

‘Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?’—*The Book of Esther*.

JUST about the time when Dr. Jackson was packing up to start on his journey to Moukden, a deadly enemy also started on its stealthy way to meet him there. Its home was in those undulating high-lands where Siberia, Mongolia, and Manchuria border on each other, and its name, but little heard before, was *Pneumonic Plague*.

In those rolling plains, with their heavy snows in the long cold winter, their deep rich grass and abounding wild flowers in the brilliant summer, men are few but animals

many, chiefly small animals with thick warm fur to withstand the intense cold. Every summer the hunters, Chinese and Mongols, go out in their thousands over the hills and plains, and in September and October they gather back to the line of the Siberian railway, to sell the skins to traders, who carry them off to Russia, London, or New York.

The animal most commonly caught is a large kind of marmot called locally the 'tarabagan,' which loves to bask in the sunshine. When startled it is very difficult to catch, rushing about vigorously and making for its burrow, uttering a sharp cry sounding like 'Boo-pa! boo-pa!' which means in Chinese 'No fear!' or 'Don't be afraid!' Sometimes these animals fall ill of a disease which is believed to be a form of plague, and then they become silent, unable to run, dragging themselves slowly to their burrows to die there. In this condition they are all the more easily caught, but the trappers usually leave them alone

or handle them carefully when they cease to cry 'No fear!'

From time to time hunters and others have died from what seemed to be the same disease as that of the tarabagans, but no one thought much about it. Indeed it was not reported, and few knew that any danger existed, for it had never spread beyond the local villages where trappers congregate. In the month of September 1910, there was one of these small local outbreaks of this unknown plague, in an unheard-of village in Siberia, about six miles outside the frontier of Manchuria. This was the beginning. Why should this outbreak spread, when all previous ones had died out of themselves? Why should it be so much more deadly than ever before? These things still remain a mystery.

On the Chinese side of the frontier is the little town of Manchurie or Manchouli, where passports must be examined; but this unwelcome and unknown enemy slipped through without either passport or name,

bringing no record as to who was the first of the long series of tens of thousands whom it struck down to die one by one before spring came. In ordinary times Manchurie is a quiet little place, but at the season when the trappers return with their skins every inn and shanty in the border towns and villages is crowded to overflowing, and this particular summer there was a specially large demand for tarabagan skins. The inns are miserable hovels, built specially with a view to keeping out the cold. In the Report of the Plague Conference, held in Moukden in April 1911, it is stated: 'In each room from 20 to 40 bunks may be seen, arranged in 3 or 4 tiers. The windows are seldom if ever opened, and when the rooms are crowded during the hunting season, the smell from the occupants and from the raw skins which they bring with them is not pleasant.' Here the trappers live for some weeks, sleeping and eating in the same close atmosphere. Such places would seem a natural

breeding-place for all kinds of infectious disease.

During the second week of October Dr. Jackson was steaming down the Red Sea, enjoying every minute of the voyage, playing with the children, singing at concerts, organising Sunday services, joining in every game and amusement, and writing home gay letters about his new experiences. 'Last night,' he writes, 'we had a fancy dress ball. I went as a lemon-cream sandwich. I cannot say it was a very successful imitation, but at any rate it raised a laugh. I had a brilliant inspiration, however, and dressed up H. as a Moorish woman in two of the curtains from the bunks. The get-up was very effective, and he tied with another man for the prize for the most original costume.'

Just about this time two Chinese carpenters in Russian Railway employ moved along the line and across the border, taking up their abode among the crowded tarabagan trappers in Manchurie. No one

knew, not even themselves, that this secret enemy had accompanied them. No notice was taken of their health, and when they began to feel ill, cough, and spit blood, there was no doctor to observe it. In a little crowded room with twenty inmates they lay and coughed out their lives, and on the 12th they both died, but not before seven others had fallen ill. The Russian Railway authorities got wind of it, and a doctor came to inspect, but he found only one sick man, too ill to run away, who died in hospital next day. The others had scattered to various inns, there to spread the infection.

Immediate steps were taken by the Russians to check the epidemic and prevent it being conveyed along the railway. All passengers were medically examined, and later on they were made to endure five days' quarantine. From past experience such measures were expected to prove successful, but this time the plague was not stayed. Gradually it crept from

village to village along the railway line which crosses the barren mountains of Northern Manchuria. We have no record of its quiet slow advance, for it was little talked about, and caused no excitement except in the immediate vicinity of the stricken.

What was this insidious disease, this *Pneumonic Plague*, of which none but doctors had heard?

No epidemic of the kind had been known since science began to take observations, though it is thought that the "Black Death" which swept Europe in the fourteenth century, carrying off millions of victims, estimated at a quarter of the population, was something of the same nature. During times of bubonic plague, so common in India and elsewhere, isolated cases and some small outbreaks of a pneumonic character had occurred, but there was nothing in these to arouse any fear of a general and pressing danger.

It is not an easy disease to recognise in



its beginnings. A headache and general tiredness—what is there in these to cause alarm? but so it begins. Its course is run very rapidly, and almost painlessly—a little cough, the spitting of blood, sleepiness, death. Those close to the sufferer, who sleep in the same room, who breathe his breath, are almost certain to fall ill within a few days, and to fall ill means to die. Not one recovery was known.

As the disease is communicated from man to man, the railways are naturally the most speedy way of spreading it, especially in such a sparsely populated region as the extreme north of Manchuria. But once it gets a hold in a big city, with roads radiating out from it to the country towns, no railway measures could be enough to control it. The Siberian Railway takes a short cut across the northern of the Three Provinces of Manchuria (being there called the Chinese Eastern Railway), and half way across it passes through that city of mushroom

growth and mixed nationality, that important centre of trade—Harbin, which at that time had a population of about 80,000.

The Chinese part of the city is built on a low-lying swampy plain, and is closely packed with thousands, chiefly men, gathered from all parts of North China, most of the houses being low, dark, dirty, and overcrowded. The Russian Quarter is situated on higher ground, and is much more prosperous and better built, large numbers of the wealthier Chinese also living there.

On the 27th of October a man is said to have died of plague in the Chinese city, having come down by train from the far north. In the Russian city the first case was notified on the 7th of November, just when Dr. Jackson was enjoying a few days in Shanghai, waiting for his steamer, and acting as best man at a missionary wedding. On that day two tarabagan trappers arrived from Manchurie, and died,

and four others in the same house were found ill by the Russian medical authorities. Six days later, on the day when Dr. Jackson reached Moukden, the first European, a Russian, fell a victim. At that time the number of cases was but small, and there was still a chance of checking the advance of the infection and saving the city of Harbin. The Russians did their part in the area under their control, opening a plague hospital, and doing their best to keep apart under observation all who were known to have been in contact with a case; but in the Chinese city close by no precautions at all were taken, and indeed this could hardly be expected.

Epidemics of all kinds are common in the big cities of China; cholera and various fevers come, take their toll of deaths, and pass, without anything being done to prevent or to combat them, and they are regarded philosophically as the visitation of heaven. To the Chinese view there was,

so far, nothing to mark out this epidemic from other epidemics which had swept through Harbin. It was long before it was generally realised that here was something new, something which might carry away almost the entire population if nothing were done to check it. The Chinese mandarin at the head of affairs was scornfully sceptical as to the new-fangled ideas of foreign doctors, promised them much but did nothing, and so the time slipped past when something effective might have been done, and the death-rate slowly crept up week by week.

A month passed by. The daily toll of deaths was now about twenty, and steadily rising, and alarm began to be felt. The Peking Government was moved to bestir itself, and sent to take charge of measures against the further spread of the plague the best man in its service, Dr. Wu Lien Teh, a distinguished Cambridge graduate, who arrived in Harbin on December 21. With energy, he at once sought to put into

force the necessary regulations, but he was faced with great and almost insuperable difficulties.

In order successfully to check the spread of pneumonic plague, two things are necessary : in the first place, every case must be reported ; and secondly, all who have been in close contact with that case, and who therefore may have the disease without knowing it, must be kept from meeting any one else. As soon as this can be done, the disease will inevitably die out. The difficulty is to do it, and this difficulty becomes an impossibility when the people in general are opposed to such drastic measures. In Harbin every element existed which was calculated to help its spread and to hinder the work of the doctors.

The best natural aids to the suppression of plague are sunlight and fresh air, for the germ is unable to live in bright sunshine, and the pure winds of heaven help to dissipate its poison. But in winter the temperature

in Harbin often falls to 40 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, and it is not to be wondered at if the people huddle together for warmth in their close dark rooms. This particular winter was exceptionally severe, with heavy snow-falls and less sunshine than usual, so that men remained as much as possible within doors, rather than face the icy winds.

As the Chinese officials in authority did not believe in the new methods, and made no effort to assist the doctors, the police in their employ, who were expected to report cases, were not unnaturally very slack in their zeal, and were easily bribed to silence. The old-fashioned Chinese doctors too were to a man opposed to the foreign ideas, and the majority of the people in Harbin and the north still believed in Chinese medicine. When a doctor professed to be able to cure plague, many came to him to have a long needle driven into some part of the body, and it was long before faith in such practices died out.

But the most serious hindrance of all

was the absence of popular support, indeed the presence of popular opposition, both passive and active. The population of Harbin being a shifting one, thousands living in inns and lodging-houses, it was easy for the inmates of a plague-stricken house to scatter before the police came on the scene. In many cases the sick man was thrust out to die on the street, so that the house he came from should not be known, or his body was hidden in the snow. Thus, even if every case had been actually notified, the 'contacts' could not all be interned. In many respects the Chinese are an intensely democratic people, having strong prejudices regarding the 'liberty of the subject,' though on somewhat different lines from those of the Anglo-Saxon nations. It had never been heard of that any should interfere with the right of a man to live and die as he chose, or that police should be sent spying into homes, taking away sick people—who invariably died within the next

day or two. Still less had officials, or police, or doctors, any right to carry off the other dwellers in the house and shut them up. Above all, these were foreign ideas, and they were enforced by foreigners or Chinese trained in foreign ways. Evil rumours about this anti-plague work became current, and at one time there was danger that Dr. Wu and his helpers might be attacked, but still they went on steadily and undauntedly with their efforts.

From the first, Dr. Wu realised that a big fight was ahead, and he took prompt steps to get help. From his arrival he worked in co-operation with the Russians, and, when the need was known, doctors from Peking and elsewhere offered their services, Chinese, British, American, French, missionaries and others, and a number of medical students from Peking also came as assistants. None of these, however, reached Harbin until January. Throughout Manchuria the missionary doctors were compelled to remain each at his post, watching



carefully and preparing for the time when the scourge should invade his own city.

The promise of help to Harbin served to allay fears elsewhere, and there was little general anticipation of a serious spread of plague, for Harbin was notably a bad place for epidemics, which often went no farther. As a matter of fact it was a losing fight, for on December 29, before any outside help arrived, the deaths rose to 142 in the day. Outside Harbin this was slowly realised, and the year drew to its close without those further south having any idea of what was before them in the immediate future.

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‘ Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and  
a sigh !

He is Fear, O little Hunter, he is Fear !

Very softly down the glade runs ■ waiting, watch-  
ing shade,

And the whisper spreads and widens far and  
near ;

And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even  
now,—

He is Fear, O little Hunter, he is Fear !’

RUDYARD KIPLING.

## CHAPTER V

### TWO MONTHS IN MOUKDEN

'This man was not great  
By gold or kingly state,  
Or the bright sword, or knowledge of earth's wonder,  
But more than all his race  
He saw life face to face,  
And heard the still small voice above the thunder.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE Moukden to which Dr. Jackson arrived on November 13, 1910, was a very different place from that to which Dr. Christie had come twenty-eight years before. In 1882 railways were unknown, the only means of communication being roads and rivers, so the time spent on travel depended largely on the weather. With sunshine and a dry road, one might come from the seaport, Newchwang, 120 miles, on horseback in two or three days, or by cart in four ; but it might take ten, and the inns by the way were none too comfortable.

With a favourable wind, a full river, and a bright moon, a boat might go down in two days, but a fortnight must be allowed, and but little food could be bought by the way. Besides this, all rivers being frozen, the port of Newchwang is closed for months in winter, and this was then the only gate to Manchuria.

Then the old Moukden had no made roads. The streets, being left to nature, were often impassable in wet weather, even for the strong springless carts which were the only vehicles, and mules were known to be drowned in a main street. The houses were all one-storeyed, with windows of paper. The city was entirely unlighted; when darkness fell, it withdrew within doors and quiet reigned; it went to bed early and work began with the dawn. No police were on the streets, disturbances being rare. There was no organised postal system, and no telegraph. Newspapers were unheard of, so hardly any one knew what was happening in the

outside world, or even in the rest of China, and few had any desire to know.

In 1910 all was changed. One cold evening in November Dr. Jackson landed in Dalny (or Dairen), the new ice-free seaport opened by the Russians and taken over by the Japanese, spent the night in a comfortable hotel, wired to Moukden the hour of his arrival, got into a well-appointed and heated train at 10.30 in the morning, and, after enjoying European meals in the dining-car, arrived at Moukden station about 11 o'clock at night. There he was met by Dr. Christie and his colleague Dr. A. R. Young, and with them drove at a good speed in a comfortable open carriage along the well-lighted streets for five miles across the city to the Small River Bank, passing well-built two-storey Government buildings by the way.

To a new-comer, however, the conspicuous thing in Moukden was not the changes and improvements of recent years, but rather the strangeness and Easternness

of everything. To us old missionaries the romance and picturesqueness seemed to be passing away, but to the new-arrival all was interesting, fresh, amusing, delightfully quaint. In the streets, for instance, where we remarked the new plate-glass windows and gaudy display, replacing the dignity of the opaque paper which had concealed the wares for sale, he was struck with the gorgeous old-world shop-signs, enormous dragons and peacocks shining in the sunshine, or strips of silk or cloth hanging from poles and swinging in the wind, bearing in bright-coloured lettering the names of the firms. And on the other hand, while we congratulated ourselves that the roads were no longer deep pools of mud, or ridged like ploughed fields, that it was now possible to move about in rubber-tyred rickshaws or carriages, and that there was even a tramway car from the Japanese station to the city, he was impressed with the reverse side of the picture.

‘There is an old horse-tram running up to the West Gate,’ he writes in one of his home letters, which vividly depict the Moukden of 1910. ‘The whole road is one mass of cart-ruts, with the tram-lines projecting about an inch from the general surface, admirably adapted for playing havoc with the tyres on carriage wheels. . . . All sorts of things project into the road from either side, and as there is no sidewalk the only place to walk is the middle of the road. Everybody comes to this conclusion, and also agrees to ignore the presence of any wheeled vehicle, so that when you drive through the streets the coachman keeps up a continual shout of “Hey!” and progress is very slow. There are only a few foreign carriages, and most of the people walk, though empty rickshaws abound to such an extent as to be a positive nuisance. There are policemen posted every 200 yards, who do nothing to assist the traffic.’

‘The city itself,’ he goes on, ‘is sur-



A MOUKDEN STREET





rounded by a very substantial brick wall, 40 feet high and 40 feet thick at the base. The west gate is surmounted by a tower.' (There are eight gates, and the inner city lies foursquare, over a mile broad and long.) 'Inside the city the shops are packed close, but practically all are still only one storey. The general tone of the place is thoroughly Chinese, but the telegraph poles, red post-pillar boxes, and policemen in European-looking uniforms give a Western touch which is very incongruous. Surrounding the suburbs of the city there is a mud wall fully 13 miles in circumference, about 9 feet high, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet broad; immediately outside this to the west is the "Foreign Concession," where the consulates are situated.' Still farther to the west are the railway stations, both Chinese and Japanese. 'We are situated about fifteen minutes' walk from the East Gate, and overlook the "Small River." You make your way here along lanes between walls of compounds, and

when you reach here you find that the main road has sunk to the level of the river, while the houses are up on the bank. So you have a ten to fifteen feet cutting into which you zigzag, and then up again on the other side. Dr. Christie has a Russian drosky and a Manchurian pony, and the way it goes down and up the steepest inclines, and bumps over the most astonishing boulders, speaks volumes for the hardness of both beast and machine. Of course it is very nice having the house built on the higher land, and is much healthier. The Hospital is in a line with this house, but separated from us by another road-cutting. Immediately in front there is a bank down to the Small River, a sluggish stream about thirty yards wide.'

It did not take long for Dr. Jackson to discover that the flats of the Small River have beauties of their own. 'I was out for a walk yesterday afternoon along the river bank,' he writes on December 16,

‘and everything looked most picturesque. There were two companies of pack mules crossing the frozen river, and the sun, which was getting low, lit up everything with a soft amber tint which made the bare trees and the dry, bare millet fields look quite beautiful. I also met two droves of young Chinese pigs, which are covered with longish black hair, and the picture they made might have come out of a fairy book in which some princely swineherd of the Middle Ages figured.’

Yet more interesting than the city or the picturesqueness of its sights were the people among whom his lot was to be cast, and of them he writes: ‘I am very favourably impressed with the Chinese. There are plenty of big strong men, and the weights that the coolies carry are enormous. The coolies seem a jolly set of fellows; one often sees them ragging each other in a playful way as they stand at the corners of the streets. There are a considerable number of police, who

carry rifles at night. The people, as far as I have seen them at the Out-patient Department of the Hospital, are fairly decent and well-behaved, and though dirty, not more so than the poor at home. Of course this is only the most superficial account of a very superficial view.'

In addition to interesting himself in the patients at the Hospital, Dr. Jackson went to the Chinese church on Sundays, a church entirely governed, financed, and carried on by the Chinese Christians themselves, with a Chinese pastor, deacons, evangelists, etc. Of the service he writes : ' At the native church the men and the women are divided from each other by a curtain, so I can only judge of the men, of whom the attendance on Sunday morning is extremely good. The church is quite a large one ; the men's side must seat 400, and there were very few vacant seats. The women are, I hear, full up, as they have not so much room. The first Sunday I was at church there was a

baptism of about sixteen babies, all over six months old, and it was rather a quaint sight. The majority of the women here do their hair on a peculiar frame formed of two sorts of hoops, just the place to stick flowers, and as the babies had also bits of bright colour stuck on what hair they have, the whole show reminded one of a May Day procession. The old pastor Liu, who had to disguise himself at the Boxer time in order to save his life, performed the ceremony.'

On arrival in Moukden, Dr. Jackson had, naturally, no house of his own, the usual plan being for a newcomer to board with some one for the first few months. On the 'Bund,' as the bank of the Small River is commonly called, were the two doctors' houses, our own and Dr. Young's, and it was arranged that Dr. Jackson should be accommodated by Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Young for the first couple of months. Then he was to move next door to our house, and it was expected that later

on he would go to Peking for a few months' concentrated study at the language school there. For one of the first things a new missionary must do is to set to work to learn the language, and in China this is no light task. Dr. Jackson made steady progress, and promised to be a good Chinese speaker. 'Do not think,' he writes during his first few days, 'that Chinese is an impossible language, for I have already told a coolie more than once to bring me hot water, and *he knew what I meant!*' He was greatly interested in receiving a new name, as all must do in China. His name was a transliteration of the word *Jackson*: Chia-ko-sun, pronounced Jia-ko-swin, the first syllable being the surname. As the title given to doctors is Tai-fu (Dye-foo), he was commonly known as *Chia Tai-fu*.

With great gusto he threw himself into whatever he could do in the Hospital, and soon was very popular with the assistants and dispensers. The Chinese

are quick to read character ; he could not speak their language, but his smile spoke for him, and they saw how considerate he always was, how patient and good-natured, how ready to help any one, and at the same time they recognised him as a man with backbone and decision of character. It was remarkable how eager they all were to do anything for ' Chia Tai-fu.' During the month of December plans were being drawn up for the College building, and in every detail he took the keenest interest, discussing what was the least we could do with in the way of classrooms, laboratories, etc. It was intended to build during 1911, and open the College in March 1912, a programme which was carried out.

With the missionaries' children, too, he made himself a prime favourite, making friends, before he had been a day in Moukden, with all those available, at that time few in number. And in one of his earliest letters he writes to his mother : ' Would

you send me some of the stamps off the Argentine letters, the little Christies are collecting and would like them'—so thoughtful was he of his new young friends. As Christmas approached, various gatherings were arranged, his presence meaning a great deal to the young people. 'I am in for a round of festivities,' he writes. 'I am going to a children's party on Monday, Mrs. Young is giving one on Friday, and there is to be a Christmas Tree for the children in the Hospital on Saturday, added to which I was to-day the recipient of a great red envelope and letter from the native church, asking me to go to their Christmas feast on Thursday.' Those parties will not readily be forgotten, where he organised charades, turned the children into wax-works, set off fire-works out of crackers, and in general put himself wholly at their disposal. Out of doors too they watched for him, quickly recognising that he did not feel them a bother. He guided them in the bold art of sliding,



and initiated them in skating on a smooth stretch of the Small River, never grudging the trouble of supporting their stumbling efforts.

It was the custom to hold a service in English every Sunday afternoon in one of the missionary houses, all the children being present as well as the adults. 'We take it in turn to conduct the service,' he writes, 'and it fell to my lot last Sunday. I did not much care for having to address a number of missionaries older than myself. However I will not have to do it again for some time, and of course I did not make it a sermon, but just took the incident of Christ at the house of Simon the Pharisee and talked about it. I do think that is one of the most beautiful incidents in the Gospels, and at the same time most soul-searching. I find it so easy to sit comfortably like Simon, acknowledging Christ outwardly, but in reality unconsciously patronising Him, instead of surrendering all to Him.' That

service, the only one he ever addressed in China, lives in our memories—his dismay when told that the newest comer was always expected to take it, as bringing something fresh from home, his modest protest that *he* had nothing to bring to *us*, and that he could not give a sermon, and then the delightful, frank, straightforward talk, which warmed our hearts to Christ and to the speaker, and sent us away questioning our own souls and at the same time saying thankfully to each other : ‘ Here is some one worth while : he will make his mark on the Chinese.’

On Sunday, Christmas Day, this same little service was addressed by a young Australian, a Mr. Gillanders, who had been working among students in Melbourne University. Of his address Dr. Jackson writes : ‘ He told us of the great deepening of spiritual life they have had through a more complete recognition and acknowledgment of the work of the Holy Spirit in making our lives more Christlike,

He was very sane about it, and there was no talk about perfection or sudden sanctification, but he emphasised the fact that Christ expressly promised that the Holy Spirit would give us power, and it was our duty to trust Him to do so. I certainly feel the need of a fuller life in accordance with Christ's ideals. How impotent we are in the face of all this mass of jolly contented heathen indifference, unless we really have power.'

About the same time he wrote in a letter to an intimate friend, a good deal younger than himself: 'I have had a very happy Christmas Day, and it is good to know that you are all thinking of me. Out here one realises more and more the need of real conformation to Christ's standard, if one's religion is really to be worth anything, and if Christ is to be at home in every department of our life. We are face to face with heathenism, and unless we are really bringing forth the fruits of Christianity in our

lives, how can we influence the Chinese, indeed why should we try to? And again with one's fellow missionaries it is easy to see faults, and very very easy to talk of our neighbour's mote while ignoring the beam in our own eye. This has been impressed on me lately, and I feel very much my own need of more singleness of heart and more dependence on the strength of the Holy Spirit. I want you to pray for me, for you can help me, and I will pray for you. In matters like this we can mutually support each other, for we know each other's failings to some extent, and without any feeling of hypocritical superiority can sympathise, for I think we have some failings in common. I know I am touchy, and often take correction testily, I am inclined to procrastinate, and in spite of very good intentions often leave undone things I ought to do, and occasionally, dear old —, I have seen signs of similar leanings in you, so you can feel for me and we can help each other. . . .

‘ We have both no doubt experienced the Spirit’s help, I know sometimes I have unmistakably experienced it, but on the other hand I do feel the need of a more complete surrender of every thought and desire, so that we may really be able to pass Christ’s test, “ By their fruits ye shall know them.” I daresay we have both made similar resolves before, I know I have, and I have been helped, but the more definite we are in our endeavours, the more definite will be the results. You know I am no advocate of patent medicines either for the body or the soul, and we both know that it means patient perseverance in our attempt to walk in His footsteps ; but on the other hand we must beware of saying “ I am doing my best,” when all the time we are neglecting to use the help that has been provided for us. I am afraid this is beginning to get like a sermon, but I hope you will understand what I mean, though I have expressed it badly, and

you will pray for me, won't you, and I for you.'

Early in the new year Jackson had an unexpected flying visit from a cousin, and together they visited the most interesting sight of Moukden, the North Tomb. This spot is thus described in *Thirty Years in Moukden*: 'A few miles north of the city, across an open grassy plain, is a spot which goes far to atone for the monotony and dullness of the country round Moukden—the tomb of Nurhachu's son, deep buried among trees. The outer circle is genuine wildwood, with straggling paths seeming to lead nowhere, among wild flowers, dense thickets, and open glades. . . . Through the trees glistens a vivid red wall enclosing the tomb, with glimpses of yellow tiled roofs within. South of this rectangular enclosure stands solitary an archway of fretted white marble, behind which the main gate is barred against all. . . . To east and west the gates stand open, with an arching avenue of pines

from one to the other. The pine trees inside the enclosure are arranged in such perfect symmetry that in whatever direction one looks, it is down a long straight avenue. The undergrowth is cut, and the contrast is striking from the wild luxuriance and colour of nature outside, to this cool, solemn, dark-treed symmetry.'

When Dr. Jackson saw it, the woods were bare and brown, the pine-trees showing black against the dazzling snow. 'I had a surprise visit from Colin Jackson last week,' he writes. 'He stayed with the Christies, and we had a very jolly couple of days together. He did not arrive until late on Tuesday night (10th January), and on Wednesday we went out to see the Imperial Tomb, which is one of our sights. It is situated in the middle of a pine-wood, and of course is decorated with yellow, green, and red tiles, while the white snow, which was everywhere—as we had a fairly heavy

fall a few days ago—set off everything to advantage. We were in the middle of a very cold spell while he was here, so he got a real taste of Manchurian winter. In the early morning of the day on which he went away, the thermometer was down to 30 degrees below zero, Fahr., *i.e.* 62 degrees of frost. In the afternoon of the Wednesday we went over the Imperial Palace in the centre of the city, where there are many imperial heirlooms, and a very fine collection of Chinese porcelain.'

Two months slipped quickly past from the time of arrival in Moukden. His cousin writes: 'Even in the short days I spent with him, I saw plainly how very much he was valued by all the staff, and how well fitted he was for his post; for he never lost temper and was always in equipoise, a characteristic which the Oriental admires above all things.' Every day made more clear to all with whom he came in contact, that in Arthur Jackson



we had 'the right man in the right place.'

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' Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er  
Submitted to inform a body here ;  
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,  
But low and humble as the grave.'

COWLEY.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE NEARING OF THE SHADOW

'One span of life thou hast 'twixt deep and deep,  
Be all thy care to fill it gloriously ;  
Live even as if thou knew'st thou couldst not die,  
This day is short—there will be years for sleep.

'Therefore work thou while it is called to-day,  
And let the night of the night's things take care . . .  
I charge thee work, and let not death dismay  
Nor the shadow of death, but greatly hope and  
dare.'

HERBERT CLARKE.

DURING the last days of 1910 and the beginning of 1911, we in Moukden seemed to live with a dual consciousness. Christmas rejoicings, social gatherings, family life, hospital work, school teaching, services, and all other activities went on as usual, but they were overshadowed by the darkening cloud of the advancing plague. In all planning for the future, in every discussion of work to be done, there was in

the background of the thoughts of all an unexpressed *If*. . . .

The hope was clung to that plague would not reach Moukden. Harbin seemed remote, at least twenty-four hours' railway journey, but Dr. Wu's reports brought it very close. At the end of December, the first of the doctors to go to the relief of Harbin passed through Moukden, Dr. Mesny, a French Professor in the Chinese Government Medical School in Tientsin. He spent a day in Moukden on his way, and came over to the Hospital to see the work and to consult with the doctors. He and Dr. Jackson had tea with us that day, and Dr. Mesny was inclined to discount the tales of the extreme danger of this epidemic, going forward to the fray with a light heart and a jest on his lips. He reached Harbin on January 2, but before we had heard of his arrival came a wire from Dr. Wu that he was down with plague. It had not been generally realised that there could be no recovery,

and the news of his death, which followed quickly, caused an apprehensive shudder through the little European and American community in Moukden.

The danger was, of course, more specially present in the minds of the doctors, who were in close touch with the Government and police authorities, and always on the watch. On January 2, a man arrived by train from Harbin, and was found lying ill on the road from the station. Taken to the Government General Hospital, he died next day of plague. This was not made public, but those behind the scenes now realised that the Enemy had actually entered Moukden.

The Viceroy at that time was H.E. *Hsi Liang*, an elderly, old-fashioned official of the best kind, courteous, considerate, warm-hearted, regarding the people as his children, their interests as his own. He was exceedingly anxious to do all in his power to check the spread of plague, and appointed several capable and progressive

men to take the necessary steps. At the beginning of the year he invited Dr. Christie, whom he knew well, to become Honorary Medical Adviser to his Government, and instructed those officials already appointed to consult him and take his advice in all things. A Plague Prevention Bureau was organised, of which Dr. Christie states: 'There were in office some of the most practically capable Chinese I have had to do with. With these men I consulted constantly, both privately and in committee; and steps were taken, slowly it is true, according to Western standards, but far more rapidly than I had ever known in China, to prepare for the coming fight.'

It was not easy suddenly to improvise machinery for inspection and segregation, especially in so large a city as Moukden. No staff existed accustomed to deal with epidemics, no buildings suitable for isolation camps. There was no precedent for commandeering buildings, and the depth of winter is the worst possible time for

erecting temporary quarters. Daily the Plague Committee met, eagerly ready to do what they could, but all measures had to be initiated from the most elementary beginnings, and those who were to carry them out first instructed and trained.

In *Thirty Years in Moukden* we read :  
' As the disease was spread by direct infection, it might evidently be possible to stamp it out altogether. Effort had to be directed firstly towards keeping new plague cases out of the city, and secondly towards the complete isolation of the inmates of contaminated houses, until the period of danger should be over. Unfortunately the former was impossible, for as fast as those in contact with one case were isolated, fresh cases were imported from the north. We could only hope to limit the extent of the epidemic, and we directed our plan of campaign accordingly. Between the railway stations and the city, a temple was set aside for a plague hospital, repairs being begun at

once. Six isolation camps were arranged outside the city in different quarters, three of which had to be built on purpose. A bacteriological laboratory was established. A burying-ground was selected, and a force of grave-diggers hired, who were set to the hard task of digging deep graves in the frozen ground, where any who should die might immediately be buried. The city was divided into districts, over each of which was placed a man with some medical knowledge, fully qualified doctors not being available, and under him were an assistant, a staff of sanitary police, disinfecting coolies, and bearers. House-to-house visitation was decided upon, that all plague cases might be promptly discovered and removed, and contacts taken to the isolation stations.'

It was most important, too, not to antagonise public opinion, but rather to guide and inform it, and rouse it to a sense of danger. To this end a Publicity Department was created, which scattered

broadcast leaflets, warning of the danger and giving directions as to avoiding it. Theatres and all public gathering places were closed, and the police were directed to inspect daily all inns and lodging-houses. But all this took time, and time was the last thing available.

By the 12th of January the deaths in Harbin were numbering over 200 a day, and plague was raging almost unchecked in other northern cities, where the medical missionaries were struggling single-handed. In one the deaths in three months numbered 6000, in another 3000, and in Harbin in the same time, 9000, out of a population of about 80,000.

From the 2nd to the 12th of January, fifteen deaths from plague were reported in Moukden. 'Most of these men had come by train from the north, and died either by the wayside or in small inns and teashops, between the railway-station and the city. The measures taken in Moukden would have been enough to



stamp out plague very speedily, and to prevent its spread, had not new cases continued to arrive. About 1000 coolies were brought daily from the infected districts.' (Report of the International Plague Conference.) This was the time of year for a great migration of labourers from the north, who were taking their earnings home to spend Chinese New Year with their families in the various provinces of North China. They came by the Russian Railway, through Harbin as far as Changchun, where they changed to the Japanese Railway for Moukden. From there they might go by the Chinese Railway to Tientsin or Peking. Cheap tickets were always issued when New Year came near, and 'coolie trains' were arranged. This special traffic made the task of plague control doubly difficult, and one of the obvious steps to be taken was to stop all travelling by rail. This the Chinese Government could not do, as it had no control whatever over the Japanese Railway from the

north. It was arranged, however, that the ' coolie trains ' to Tientsin should cease on January 14, and that, both before and after that date, all travellers by the Chinese Railway should be medically inspected at the Chinese Moukden station. Later on, the Japanese also stopped all third class and coolie traffic, but it was then too late to save Moukden.

The three British doctors, Christie, Young, and Jackson, were all equally desirous to be of the greatest possible service, and conferred frequently together. There were also several Japanese doctors in Moukden, who inspected their own railway and took entire charge of preventive measures in the Japanese settlement round their station. One or two Chinese doctors, who had graduated at Government Colleges in Peking or Tientsin, worked whole-heartedly on the Plague Bureau in co-operation with Dr. Christie, who devoted himself to the general organisation and direction of the anti-plague

measures. Dr. A. R. Young was asked to keep himself aloof from plague, that he might take charge of the Hospital and attend to the foreign community in Moukden, missionary and otherwise. Dr. Jackson was eager to be of use in this great emergency, and when it became clear that some one must be responsible for the dangerous task of inspecting the passengers at the station, he at once volunteered.

On Friday, the 13th of January, he and a good many others were inoculated with anti-plague serum, which was supposed to give some measure of protection. Later, however, it was ascertained that this vaccine is valueless against Pneumonic Plague. The same day he went with Dr. Christie to the Chinese station to make arrangements for his work there. This station was the terminus of the Peking-Moukden Railway, and lay quite apart from the city to the west, about seven miles from the Small River Bank, which is at the south-east corner of Moukden.

The Traffic Inspector and his assistant, both British, lived beside the station, and there were several English-speaking Chinese on the railway staff. One of our Hospital assistants, who spoke fair English, was appointed to help the doctor and to live at the station, Dr. Jackson himself intending to drive over every day. A room was put at his disposal and a stock of disinfectants, etc., arranged there. That day ten deaths from plague were reported by the police, and it was realised that the calamity was indeed upon us.

In his letters home, Dr. Jackson was careful not to rouse alarm. On the 8th he wrote: 'You may perhaps have seen in the papers that plague is rather bad in Northern Manchuria. You need not be afraid of it for us, as it is a long way off, and the Japs are keeping a strict lookout on the railway. Moreover, if it should come to Moukden, which is of course possible, we are in a very safe position, as we are in the suburbs away

from the crowded Chinese population, and have our own good big compound with well-built foreign houses, and our own water supply, etc. Some of the missionaries up north are not so favourably situated, as they are living in Chinese houses, but their families will probably come south if necessary. Of course plague does not attack Europeans as a rule, as it is usually people who are in dirty, overcrowded houses who are infected.' And again on the 16th, when he was at the station: 'The plague continues to creep south and we are all getting vaccinated here, not that there is very much danger for Europeans, but it is better to be on the safe side. We are very busy trying to help the Chinese to organise preventive measures. I did not suffer much inconvenience from my vaccination, I am glad to say. To-day we vaccinated some more of the Europeans, and will gradually do the whole of the community.'

Early on the morning of Saturday the

14th the last train-load of coolies was sent off to Tientsin, most of them having come down by the Japanese line from the far north. For some days each train had been inspected medically by an unqualified assistant, Dr. Jackson having arranged to take charge from the 14th. Unfortunately no inspection, however thorough, could be satisfactory, for a man might appear perfectly well in the morning and be dead before evening ; still it was better than nothing. A sigh of relief was heaved when the last coolie train had gone, for it would now be possible for really genuine precautions to be taken at the station by Dr. Jackson. Everything was done to ensure the efficiency of his work there, and the guarding of him and his staff of assistants against infection. All on plague duty, whether in Moukden, Harbin, or elsewhere, wore complete masks, white robes which were disinfected daily, rubber gloves, and high waterproof boots. Saturday was spent in arranging all the details

of the little dispensary improvised at the station, and in the evening Dr. Jackson returned to the Small River Bank with the satisfaction of having at least begun a piece of important preventive work.

What had really been begun, however, was very different from the anticipation. When the last coolie train drew in at Shanhaikuan, half way to Tientsin, after its slow journey of eighteen hours, two of its passengers were found dead of plague, and the railway authorities there promptly ordered it straight back to Moukden. Some of the passengers escaped and made their way home by road, but the rest, 478 in number, were locked into the cars in spite of their indignant protests.

On Sunday morning the number of plague deaths reported in Moukden was only three, and our hearts rose with the hope that the precautions being taken and the police measures coming into operation might be successful in checking the epidemic. But in the afternoon came the

startling tidings that a whole train-load of possible plague cases was on its way back to us, and would arrive in the evening. Dr. Jackson took it quite quietly, 'phoning from the station that he could not come back that night, as he must look after the coolies. When he undertook the railway work, it was neither intended nor anticipated that he would be in a position of acute danger, for no such emergency could have been foreseen. But when the emergency did arise he felt that it must be met, and would not hear of leaving the work to subordinates. 'We must do our best for the poor beggars,' he said.

The problem of how to deal with these men was a serious one for the Plague Bureau. One thing was obvious: they must not be set free to spread the infection. But the small place where cases of contact with plague were being isolated was already full; the first of the isolation camps in preparation could not be ready for some days, nor the plague hospital itself; and





PLAGUE INSPECTION STAFF READY FOR DUTY



the station was only a temporary place, with no railway buildings which could be utilised. A cold spell was upon us, and as the trucks of the coolie trains were unheated, it would be death to most of the poor fellows to lock them up there until morning, as was suggested by some. Close to the station were a number of inns for the accommodation of travellers—poor, dark, dirty, comfortless places. The machinery of the Plague Bureau was immediately set agoing to commandeer several of these, but as there was no precedent for such arbitrary action, this was not easy. Evening was drawing on; the train was expected soon after dark; and, just in time, authority was obtained for the compulsory evacuation.

Meantime, Dr. Jackson, with the help of the Railway Inspector, Mr. Elder, his assistant, Mr. Coppin, the Hospital assistant, Mr. Li, and others, had everything in readiness. It was a bitter cold, dark night, and the poor shivering wretches

were thankful to leave the freezing misery of the draughty unheated trucks for the comparative comfort of a warm 'kang' or brick-bed, and a good square meal provided by the police authorities. As far as possible in the darkness, those from each truck were kept together in one inn, and a company of soldiers saw that none escaped, and that no one shared the inns with them, not even the owners, who were most unwilling to leave. Dr. Jackson was accommodated in Mr. Coppin's house.

Next morning the real work began, for several more had died in the night. It was a busy day. Everything had to be arranged hurriedly, with the 478 interned blocking the way, and constantly appealing to be allowed to continue their journey home. Each man was examined and questioned closely in the open air, and every precaution was taken to isolate those who appeared to be well, not only from the outer world but from those in other inns. One small well-heated room, apart from

the rest, was devoted to the plague-cases, and another near it to those whose symptoms were still doubtful, most of whom were removed to the plague-house one by one. Large rooms were unnecessary, as the end came quickly. A roomy inn with as much fresh air as possible housed those who had been in close contact with the stricken.

Dr. Christie hurried over to the station that Monday morning as soon as he was free from the Plague Committee, which met daily. The most urgent way to help Dr. Jackson was, obviously, to press forward the preparation of the first isolation station and remove the coolies there, the dirty crowded inns being as unsuitable for the purpose as any buildings could be. Throughout the week the first business of each morning was a talk on the phone between the doctors, to hear the morning's tidings and arrange the day's work. Then Dr. Jackson tackled the daily inspection of his entire camp, while Dr. Christie went

into the city to consult with officials, give directions to police, pacify objectors, spur on the dilatory, hurry the building work, and in general to push things and 'hustle the East.' And every day they met either at the station, or at the Small River Bank, to consult more closely than could be done on the phone.

'As much as possible of the inspection of the men was done in the open air, all having to turn out twice a day. More than one poor wretch, unwilling to own to the illness he felt creeping over him, struggled into line with the rest, only to collapse at the doctor's feet, and be carried away to die. Inspection inside the inns was also necessary, and many times a day suspicious cases were reported and seen promptly. On the Tuesday, Dr. Jackson went to live at the station, in order to be close to his work; and morning, noon, and night was unremitting in his efforts to save from contamination those who still had a chance of escape. The

dying too received his attention, and every man in the whole camp knew that no one appealed in vain to the foreign doctor. His energetic and sympathetic personality made an impression on all who saw him at work there, and the Chinese minor official who had been appointed to act along with him for the Government, carried his good report to the Viceroy's ears. All the railway men swore by him, and those who came nearest to him in helping him day by day have before their inward vision for all time a fadeless memory of whole-hearted unselfishness and devotion.' <sup>1</sup>

For eight days he stood between the city of Moukden and these infected coolies, and but for his unfailing kindness and patient firmness the situation at the station might easily have got entirely out of hand. From Sunday to Thursday seventy died. Had these seventy broken bounds and taken the infection into the city, plague

<sup>1</sup> *Thirty Years in Moukden.*

would have got a firm hold there before the Plague Bureau was prepared to deal with it. As it was, there was a panic in one of the inns, as the men saw one after another carried away from their midst to die ; some escaped in the night, but they were few in number, and it did not happen again. His personality had a marked effect on the men : they felt they could trust him, they believed he was doing what was best for them, and his cheery kindness raised their drooping spirits in their gloomy imprisonment.

In all this near contact with the stricken, Dr. Jackson was consistently careful, both of himself and of others. As much of his work as possible was done out of doors in the fresh air and sunshine. When it was necessary to take risks and to come into close touch with a sick man he did so, but would allow no one else to do it. ' Stand back, Elder ! don't come too near, Coppin ! ' he would call ; ' it's risky, and there is no use all of us running risks.'



And Mr. Li, the Hospital assistant who was his right-hand man all through, said remorsefully afterwards : ' He never would let me do the dangerous things.' He felt his responsibility to give to every one of these coolies the best possible chance, and he was ready to lavish on them his professional knowledge and judgment.

In writing home he said nothing of this, for the letters would arrive after the danger was over. It was on Saturday, January 21, in the midst of his labours, that he wrote telling of the visit of his cousin, and in the same letter he took time to answer all the little intimate bits of home news, the kind of answering that means so much to those who receive it. ' You would see from the papers,' he says, ' that plague has been rather bad. We are doing our best to prevent its spreading. . . . It is practically limited to the Chinese, and the risk to Europeans is very slight if one takes proper precautions. We have reason to believe that Dr. Mesny, who died

of it in Harbin, was rather rash, and I understand that he was not vaccinated.' (He examined a plague patient without a mask.) 'Many of our missionaries have been living in the midst of it for some time without suffering, and in well-built spacious compounds, such as we have in Moukden, the risk is reduced to a minimum, as the patient is only infectious when he is ill.'

During the month of January it was usual to have a gathering in Moukden of the Scottish missionaries from all parts of Manchuria, to discuss matters in connection with the work, especially the expenditure and estimates. To this Dr. Jackson had been greatly looking forward, as an opportunity of meeting many of his new colleagues and learning about their work. It was now questioned whether this gathering, long fixed for January 20, should take place, but it seemed necessary for financial reasons, though no one could come from the far north, and a much

smaller number than usual from other places. To some of these visitors, arriving from remote stations far from the railway, the plague situation was an alarming surprise, and as it was increasing and spreading rapidly it was decided to cut short the proceedings. Dr. Jackson was unable to be present at a single meeting, and was welcomed to Manchuria *in absentia*, but he came over more than once to lunch or tea, and made a good many new acquaintances.

On Monday, the 23rd, he lunched with us, to meet several missionaries, and he was the life of the party. His work at the station was drawing to an end. The death-rate among his men had fallen during the last few days ; one inn was pronounced clear, no case having occurred there, and its glad inmates were that day to be liberated, Government providing each one with a bath, a shave, a set of new clothes, and the dollar in his pocket which he had paid for his railway ticket ; on the following

day the rest of the men were all to be removed to the first new isolation camp, now ready, eight miles outside the city, where, with fresh air and sunshine they would have the best possible chance ; and the inns would be entirely emptied. No wonder he was in great spirits ! He kept the lunch party laughing, and interested in his amusing tales against himself of his efforts to speak Chinese at the station, and the mistakes he made, and in his sympathetic account of the woes of the coolies who were not allowed to proceed on their journey though they were quite well. ' I had the pleasure of sitting next him at table,' writes Dr. Leggate. ' What a delightful personality he had ! He was the centre of interest and the source of entertainment. I simply admired every inch of him ; he was so unselfish, so enthusiastic, so capable. I saw him for about twenty minutes only, but I feel as if I had lost a companion.' When some one condoled with him on having this job

thrust on him so soon, he protested vigorously that it was a privilege, not a hardship—‘ Not many fellows get such a chance as this ! ’ he said.

Social pleasures, however refreshing a change, did not interfere with his work, and he only allowed himself a short half hour in the house, part of which was spent in consultation about plague affairs.

Another of the lunch party writes : ‘ He was getting some special directions from Dr. Christie about the work at the station. It seemed as if the older man was leaning on the younger.’ As he said goodbye at the door and turned to go to his carriage, Dr. Jackson said gaily : ‘ Well, we don’t make money out here, but we do see life.’

And so he hurried back to the station, keen to take part in the final scene with the liberated men, and to make the last arrangements for transferring the others on the morrow. He was looking forward to returning to the Small River Bank on Wednesday, and to sharing in the organ-

isation and control of the isolation camps, for the work he had undertaken at the station was completed.

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‘ If, in the paths of the world,  
Stones might have wounded thy feet,  
Toil or dejection have tried  
Thy spirit, of that we saw  
Nothing—to us thou wast still  
Cheerful and helpful and firm.  
Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself.’

M. ARNOLD, *Rugby Chapel*.

## CHAPTER VII

### DEATH AND LIFE

'My desires are many and my cry pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals; and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through.

'On the day when death will knock at thy door, what wilt thou offer to him ?

'I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life.'

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *Gitanjali*.

'Under the wide and starry sky

Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live, and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.'

R. L. S.

THE work undertaken by Dr. Jackson was now finished, the majority of the coolies were saved, the introduction of the infection into Moukden was delayed and came gradually, and thus there was time to carry out the precautions which saved the city. But on Arthur Jackson himself an unforeseen task was now laid : to die,

and by his death to show to the Chinese the love and sacrifice of Christ.

On Monday, in spite of his high spirits and happy brightness, we who knew him thought him looking tired, though he would not own to it; but when night came and his work was done, he felt fatigued and was glad to get to bed. After a restless night he rose to talk on the phone at the usual hour, and mentioned casually that he felt 'a bit off colour,' and thought he had got a chill. He made light of it, but consented to do no work that morning. In grave anxiety Dr. Christie went off to the station at once, found him shivery with a slight temperature, and persuaded him to take some medicine and go back to bed. He protested that there was not much wrong, and that a day or two would put him all right, but it was always his way to make things easy for others, and doubtless he had his own thoughts. An urgent meeting of the Plague Committee summoned Dr. Christie back to the city,



and he left his patient comfortably in bed in his room in Mr. Coppin's house. This was Tuesday, January 24.

Early in the afternoon Dr. Young drove over to the station, and, finding his temperature higher, decided to remain there. Jackson was quite cheery, with only a slight cough, but disinclined to talk, so Dr. Young left him to sleep, coming in from time to time. About seven in the evening, on entering the room, Dr. Young was met with the words: 'Look out, Young, the spit has come,'—that fatal bloody tint which accompanies the cough of Pneumonic Plague, and which Dr. Jackson knew so well. At once Dr. Young put on the mask which he had in readiness, and gave him an injection of anti-plague serum. From that moment Dr. Jackson would allow no one to come near him unless it was absolutely necessary, and he spoke little and always with his mouth covered, doing his utmost to the last to protect others from what he at once

realised had come to him. At what time and in what way it actually did come to him we do not know, but it was certainly not through any carelessness or slackness on his part. Being specially versed in bacteriological dangers, he recognised from the first the risk of his work, and impressed on all under him the need for punctilious care, of which he set them a conspicuous example. But the deadly Enemy passed his guard somehow, and found entrance. His contact with the disease had been unavoidably close, for he had never shirked lending his strong arm to a poor stricken coolie trying to stagger to the plague-house, and he felt himself bound to enter daily that abode of Death, to minister to those hopeless ones and give them the cup of cold water.

Dr. Christie was at once phoned for by Dr. Young, and set out immediately, but hope burned low on the long dark drive to the station. He took with him more anti-plague serum, which was in-

jected several times, and all was done which medical science could suggest, hoping against hope, but nothing could avail. The night wore away in restless slumber, and another day dawned, which was his last, Wednesday, January 25. There was no great suffering, only an uneasy little cough and weariness, and gradually the faculties were dulled. He slept much, and spoke only to thank those who were attending on him or to urge them to keep at a distance, for he knew only too well how easily infection could be carried by his breath in speaking. Once, near the end, when in his restless sleep he had tossed the bed-clothes aside and Dr. Christie came forward and covered him, he roused himself to say emphatically: 'No, keep away. It is dangerous to come near me!' None but the two doctors was allowed to enter the room, in spite of the urgent desire of others to help, except that for a short time Mr. Coppin took his turn in serving him. As evening drew on he slept almost

constantly. Throughout the day many an agonising prayer for his life went up to God, but at 8.50 P.M. he died quietly, little more than twenty-four hours after the disease had declared itself.

His burial was of necessity quite private, almost secret. Ordinary plague cases were, according to orders, buried together in a special place, from fear of spreading contamination. An exception was made for him, and very early on the Saturday morning, January 28, long before daylight, the coffin was borne round outside the city to a plot of ground given by the Government, a mile from the Small River Bank, where the previous day a deep grave had been dug in the hard frozen ground. Here, before the sun was yet high, a little group of missionaries, most of them doctors, gathered to commit his body to the earth and to commend his radiant soul to God.

. . . . .

Dr. Jackson was dead—this was the unbelievable thing. To all his friends, to

those who had been closely associated with him, to those who had been working with him, to those who had lunched with him only two short days before, he seemed so living, such a vital part of life. It was surely impossible that the very one so manifestly cut out for the work he was looking forward to could indeed be called away from it by God. The loss to the Medical College, to Moukden, to China, appeared irreparable. And the outlook was increasingly gloomy, for the number of plague victims in the city was steadily rising day by day. The Valley of the Shadow looked very long and dark; it was even difficult to be sure that the other end would ever be reached. And yet, out of the dark light began to shine, and the question forced itself: Is not the loss in truth gain?

No one could have foreseen the striking effect that this death would have on the Chinese. He was a favourite with all, that was evident, but it was much more than merely that. The Chinese are, not

unnaturally, suspicious of foreigners and their motives, and here was a foreigner who died for them ; they recognise specially the sacrifice of *Youth*, and here was one who laid down his life just on the threshold ; they learn of the self-sacrificing principles of Christianity without believing in their reality, and here they saw them acted upon and unhesitatingly lived out to the utmost with ready unstinting generosity. They could not fail to respond.

All that Wednesday, when Dr. Jackson lay dying, the Viceroy had runners going back and forward between the station and his *yamen*, bringing direct to himself the latest news, if by any chance it might be a word of hope, and on hearing of his death he wept. He proposed to have a public funeral, when all the principal officials would follow the bier in person ; but this had reluctantly to be refused, in the interests of public health, so he gave orders that the ground given for the grave should be walled round and planted

with trees. When a Memorial Service was arranged at the British Consulate on February 1, a week after the death, by which time Dr. Christie and Dr. Young were out of danger, and could mix freely with others, the Viceroy expressed the desire to be present and to take part, and twenty of the leading officials accompanied him. It was quite a new thing for Chinese officials to share in anything of the nature of a Christian service. In front sat the Viceroy, an old man with a kindly face and a long white beard, who had formerly been credited with anti-foreign prejudices. He listened reverently, as did all with him. The service was partly in Chinese and partly in English, being attended also by the entire community of foreigners, British and American, and the consuls and some members of other nationalities. Scripture was read and prayer offered in each language, and two English hymns were sung, 'For all the saints who from their labours rest' coming

to our wrung hearts with special power. It seemed to some as if the 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' was so distinct that it could almost be heard. It was known that the Viceroy was to speak, and he had given his manuscript to the Consul-General, Mr. Willis, to be translated, but no one was prepared for such words as he uttered. He stood up and read in a clear sympathetic voice, and then Mr. Willis read the translation :—

'We have shown ourselves unworthy of the trust laid upon us by our Emperor : we have allowed a dire pestilence to overrun the sacred capital.

'His Majesty the King of Great Britain shows sympathy with every country when calamity overtakes it ; his subject, Dr. Jackson, moved by his Sovereign's spirit, and with the heart of the Saviour, who gave His life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help our country in its time of need.

'He went forth to help us in our fight



daily, where the pest lay thickest ; amidst the groans of the dying he struggled to cure the stricken, to find medicine to stay the evil.

‘ Worn by his efforts, the pestilence seized upon him, and took him from us long ere his time. Our sorrow is beyond all measure, our grief too deep for words.

‘ Dr. Jackson was a young man of high education and great natural ability. He came to Manchuria with the intention of spreading medical knowledge, and thus conferring untold blessings on the Eastern people. In pursuit of his ideal he was cut down. The Presbyterian Mission has lost a recruit of great promise, the Chinese Government a man who gave his life in his desire to help them.

‘ O spirit of Dr. Jackson, we pray you intercede for the twenty million people of Manchuria, and ask the Lord of Heaven to take away this pestilence, so that we may once more lay our heads in peace upon our pillows. In life you were brave,

now you are an exalted Spirit. Noble Spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all ! ’

This official recognition of the essence of Christianity, and of its spirit as shown by Dr. Jackson’s sacrifice, moved the very soul of those who listened. Truly the loss was being proved to be gain, and the corn of wheat which had fallen into the ground and died was already bearing fruit. The service was brought to a close by a few words in each language from Dr. Christie, and then the Benediction.

The Viceroy was not content with mere words. On the day after Dr. Jackson’s death, he had written :—

‘ From the time that Dr. Jackson undertook this work, he did not shrink from toil and hardship. His heart was in the saving of the world, and he brought an incalculable benefit to this land, which I hold in grateful remembrance. On hearing of his death, I was shocked and dis-

tressed beyond words, and besides reporting it to the Throne for recognition I herewith send ten thousand dollars for the use of Dr. Jackson's family, as an expression of sympathy, and hope you will accept it as but a small and inadequate expression of my feelings.'

In addition he gave five thousand dollars to the College.

When Mrs. Jackson and her family received this message, she wrote back asking that the money given her by the Viceroy be used for the College where her son had intended to teach. Dr. Christie called to convey this answer to the Viceroy, who exclaimed with deep emotion : ' What a mother ! and what a son ! Put me down for 4000 dollars more.' According to the delicate courtesy of the Chinese, he could not come up to her gift of 10,000 dollars, but made his 9000 in all. With this money one wing of the new College was built, according to the plan in which Dr. Jackson had taken so much interest.

In the hall, facing the entrance, is a tablet with this inscription :

IN MEMORY OF  
ARTHUR FRAME JACKSON

B.A., M.B., B.C., D.T.M.

Who came to Moukden to teach in this College  
Believing that by serving China he might best serve God  
And who laid down his life in that service

On January 25th, 1911

Aged 26

While striving to stay the advance of Pneumonic Plague  
The western half of this building is erected

by

MRS. JACKSON, HIS MOTHER

and

HIS EXCELLENCY HSI LIANG

Viceroy of Manchuria

It was not the Viceroy alone who appreciated the sacrifice thus made for China. To the Christian Church of Moukden his death came as a revelation of what God asks of us. On the last Sunday of January this was the great theme in the service, and Pastor Liu prayed most touchingly for Dr. Jackson's mother and friends : ' May they all realise that it is not the plague that took him, but Thine Own Hand.'

Four separate Chinese newspapers in Moukden, all non-Christian, also made special reference to it. One was the *Eastern Provinces Daily News*, which said, in its issue of February 4 :—

‘ Dr. Jackson worked at the railway station early and late. Whenever a coolie in an inn caught the plague, he would go himself to treat the case. Alas ! he himself caught the infection ; he was taken ill on January 24 and died the next day. He was twenty-six years of age, full of life and health. His death in labouring for our country was actually carrying out the Christian principle of giving up one’s own life to save the world.’

In the Plague Bulletin of February 2, the captain of the soldiers who assisted in keeping order at the station writes : ‘ There was at first no doctor of repute available, one or two having said that the work was so dangerous that they would not venture to undertake it. Dr. Christie of the English Mission Hospital then re-

commended Dr. Jackson, who at once threw himself into the work. Ah, how noble he was ! It was proposed to give him remuneration, but this he declined. From the time he entered on his duties he was most diligent. Allowing himself scarce time for meals, he would hurry off to the inns or the plague hospital, and if he found a case of illness would use every effort to effect a cure. At last he caught the infection, and was laid low.

‘ He was able to do what he did because he held firmly to the great principle of his religion, to sacrifice one’s own life for the salvation of all ; and he was remarkable for his kindness of heart. Ah, Dr. Jackson has not died of plague, he died for duty ; and yet he is not truly dead.

‘ I was with him only ten days, but his death has much affected me, and I write this because of my especial gratitude to Dr. Jackson, and with a desire of bringing every one to a conviction of the danger of infection and the necessity of sanitary

measures. Would that my brethren would take on themselves the responsibility ! That an Englishman should sacrifice his life in our cause with a pure and spotless devotion to duty—this should rouse our consciences to exert all our faculties in the hope that we may come out from this great calamity. Let not Dr. Jackson be alone in the front rank of heroism.'

And again a third paper says : ' Now he has given his only life for the lives of others. We see that he was a true Christian, who has done what Jesus did thousands of years ago.'

And another : ' He did the will of God, to die for all. He came to China to be a teacher in the Medical College, but all that he had learned he offered up, to save men. His work is not finished, and his death will not destroy it.'

Thus to Arthur Jackson was it given to exhibit to the mind and heart of all classes of the Chinese the very core of the religion of Christ. By the sacrifice of his death

he did a work more lasting and effective than might have been accomplished in a long and active life.

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' These laid the world away ; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene  
That men call age ; and those who would have  
been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.'

RUPERT BROOKE.

' It is enough for the disciple that he be as his  
master : I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto  
me.'



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE FRUITS OF SACRIFICE

'We are in God's hands,  
How strange now looks the life he makes us lead !  
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are . . .  
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for ?

R. BROWNING, *Andrea del Sarto*.

DURING the dark days following the death of Dr. Jackson, the number of plague deaths in Moukden continued to increase, for new cases were daily arriving from the north. On the day of his death the police reported 26, and on the day of the Memorial Service, a week later, 45. The highest number, 68, was recorded three weeks later, and it was not until the middle of March that the daily toll fell below 25. Throughout this time the strenuous fight continued, the example of Dr. Jackson serving as a beacon to the many helpers.

It might have been thought that his death, occurring in spite of all his carefulness, would have deterred others from taking the risk, but when four volunteers were asked for to take charge of the new isolation stations, every man of the twelve assistants and dispensers in the Hospital offered himself.

Much of the work of superintendence was done by missionaries who came to our help from other places, but the actual working staff were semi-trained or untrained Chinese. 'In looking back,' says Dr. Christie, 'we cannot but wonder at the efficiency of the work, considering that Hospital students had to act as doctors, and that there was no time to give much practical instruction to the inspectors and police corps. They were helped by the fact that Pneumonic Plague is usually easy to recognise, once it has declared itself.'

It was only gradually that the general public came to realise that the measures



MOUKDEN MEDICAL COLLEGE—DISPENSARY AND HOSPITAL TO LEFT



taken were really the only way to save Moukden. At the outset the house-to-house visitation was regarded with resentment and fear, sick people were hidden away, or got up and tried to deceive the police. 'As days went on and no terrible results followed from the police inspection, it came to be welcomed by many as a kind of official certificate of health and protection from plague. The inspection was, of course, far from complete, but it worked well, and to it is largely due the fact that Moukden was saved from being swept by plague, as were Harbin and other northern cities. The isolation camps were at first a source of great dread . . . but gradually this feeling died down. A warm *kang* was provided, and plenty of good food, and there was no need to work. The members of each household were encouraged to keep by themselves, and when they returned home after their ten days' holiday, they found that their houses had been well guarded, and that

they received full compensation for anything burned by the police.'

The Publicity Department of the Plague Bureau had a large share in placating and educating public opinion, by issuing posters, leaflets, and a daily bulletin. The dramatic tale of the destruction of a household by the admission of a casual guest, or the wiping out of an entire village owing to the visit of one inhabitant to an inn at some distance, could not but appeal to the popular imagination. Round many a village a cordon was established by the people themselves, none going out or coming in without permission.

As March waned, the effective work of the plague staff and the advent of milder weather had their effect, and the deaths steadily decreased, until the glad day when none were reported. The cities in the north were also clear. The visitation of plague was at an end. 43,942 cases were recorded, and 43,942 deaths; but there were doubtless very many more

of which there are no record. In Moukden 1697 were reported. How vastly greater the number would have been, how widely would the infection inevitably have spread, had not Dr. Jackson stood in the breach and held back that infected train-load.

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One other part of Dr. Jackson's work remains to be told, a part which still goes on and increases, in which his presence and influence are strongly felt—the Medical College in which he was to teach.

The main building of the College was erected in 1911, and opened in March 1912, and there have been extensive additions since, including laboratories and a spacious hostel for the students' residence. Dr. Mole, who had hoped to work side by side with Dr. Jackson, arrived in Moukden just as the plague epidemic was dying out, and teaching began with four Professors, the Danish Mission supplying one. Since

then the staff has been steadily increased, until, besides Assistants, it now numbers in full membership eleven Europeans and two Chinese, the latter having had two years of post-graduate work in this country. More Chinese will from time to time be added, the best graduates being chosen for special training, for the College is to be, so far as possible, a Chinese one. For financial support it must still depend largely on subscriptions from other countries, but it is hoped that the time will come when it will be independent, and that the European Professors may gradually be replaced by Chinese. There has always been friendly co-operation with the Chinese authorities, and the annual grant has been paid regularly. The College is recognised and registered by Government, and its diplomas are officially stamped.

The main test of success, however, is not the buildings, nor the staff, nor the finances, but the men who are sent forth.



What does the College do in training men of high professional attainments and of outstanding Christian character, worthy successors of Arthur Jackson, worthy representatives of our Master, Christ ?

The popular desire for medical education was demonstrated at the outset by the large number of applicants, 142, in spite of the unsettled state of the country during the Revolution ; and it has been proved afresh at each subsequent Entrance Examination, three to four times more coming forward than could be admitted, although the standard has been steadily raised. The self-sacrifice of Dr. Jackson, so widely discussed, has been a strong attractive force.

It is known that attendance on religious services is entirely voluntary, and that there is no discrimination in favour of those professing an interest in them, and students come freely from Government schools, many knowing nothing at all of Christian-

ity, as well as those from the Christian schools. This religious freedom has the happiest effect. During the five years that they live and work in the College, they are in an atmosphere of practical active Christianity, seeing and sharing in the Hospital work, learning to show compassion and kindness to all, and few graduate without definitely throwing in their lot with the Christian Church.

Professionally the standard aimed at is high, the course being modelled on that of the Scottish Universities. The students have a good theoretical and practical knowledge of their work before they are given diplomas, and some can take their stand with medical men of any country. Seventy-five have already graduated, and, with the exception of those retained in Moukden for service in College and Hospital, are now scattered throughout Manchuria, taking with them the memories and ideals gained while with us, doing good professional work, making their presence felt

in the scholastic circles of their neighbourhood, leading in many instances in the local Christian Church and Y.M.C.A., and giving practical proof of the value of the training they have received. When Manchuria was threatened in 1920 with another visitation of Pneumonic Plague, a number of the graduates and senior students came forward for service, knowing the risk and counting the cost.

By the death of Dr. Jackson the foundations of the College were laid in sacrifice, and to each student he is the hero to whose ideal of service all aspire. When new students enter the College, they may be seen, led by some of the seniors, gazing at his portrait which hangs in the hall, reading the inscription on the tablet, listening to the story of his death for the Chinese. His life, his death, are for all time the personal possession of the students of the Moukden Medical College. A few years ago two of the first graduates spent two years in this country, and more than

once was it remarked that it was difficult to believe they had never met Dr. Jackson, so intimately and reverently did they speak of him, so vividly did they reflect the spirit of his life. And the more they admire and follow Dr. Jackson, the nearer do they draw to Dr. Jackson's ideal, Jesus Christ. Many of these young men, in the Christian service they render to others, are proving themselves true followers of those who have gone before.

Immediately after his death, it was felt that some worthy Memorial of him should permanently remain. A cross was erected on his grave by his fellow-missionaries, a tablet was prepared to be placed in the College, but these were mere external tributes, and it was desired to have some living representative of himself, who would carry on his work in his place. A Jackson Memorial Fund was therefore opened, the interest of which was to support a Jackson Memorial Chair, and the sum of Taels 7200 (about £1100) was quickly subscribed in

China, chiefly by Chinese. Unfortunately there was no one in any other country to take up the matter, and it failed to become known, only about £200 being contributed by friends in Great Britain. This money was invested and the interest allowed to accumulate, and it is now proposed to use it for a Jackson Memorial Scholarship, to enable graduates of the College to come to this country for post-graduate work which will prepare them to become members of the teaching staff in Moukden. There seems a special suitability in connecting a Scholarship with the name of Dr. Jackson, as he himself was helped forward by Scholarships in his own preparation for usefulness, and also as in this way one after another may start life with the consciousness that he is Dr. Jackson's successor.

In the College year, the memory of Dr. Jackson is specially linked with two days. On the Sunday nearest to the anniversary of his death, special mention

is made of his life, his character, his sacrifice, the ideals which he represented, and which the College stands for.

Still more prominent is Easter Day, for it seems natural to think of him in connection with Resurrection joy. His grave is a mile from the College, close by the resting place of the Christian dead, where lie one of our graduates and several students. There, on that morning of memories, the students and others gather at the foot of the cross to hold a service, not of mourning but of hope, in memory of him whose work in the College never began yet is still going on, and of Him Whose Resurrection gives to our dead the assurance of Life. Thus year by year new students, fresh from their homes, stand side by side with those to whom the story is familiar, some just about to go forth into the world on their life work, and together they are vividly reminded that the work of sacrifice accomplished nineteen hundred years ago is still continuing,

and that with Dr. Jackson they too are called upon to 'count not their lives dear unto themselves.'

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'Those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence: live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self.  
. . . . . To other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony.'

G. ELIOT.

'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. . . .  
Their works do follow them.'

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1. Jackson, Arthur Frame, 1884-191  
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